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ON THE BANK PAPER MONEY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

(From a Letter.)

I KNOW not how you are affected by the facts your letter communicates, but, I confess, they dispose me to a good deal of serious reflection. You, who are on the spot, are better qualified to judge of causes and effects, within the sphere of the United States, than I who am three thousand miles off; but if similar causes produce similar effects, I shrewdly suspect that our country is either actually involved, or is hastening to become so, in the numerous evils which the rage for banking has undoubtedly produced in this kingdom (*Great Britain*). The banking capital and the bank paper money in the United States cannot, I should imagine, be in a much smaller proportion to the whole circulating medium than with us here, if your statements be correct; consequently, appearances, on this head, must be pretty much alike in both countries. If they be not, in fact, similar, it must be from some difference in the causes that you have not mentioned. Be more particular, in your next, as to your actual situation. Indulge me, meanwhile, in

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some random speculations on this subject.

Before the discovery of the western hemisphere by the Spaniards, it is well known that gold and silver were so extremely scarce in Europe, that a small piece of either represented a considerable quantity of the necessaries of life; six and eightpence, for instance, was thought an equivalent to a fat ox, a shilling to a sheep. In England, three of the latter stood in the place of a quarter of corn, and thirty paid a year's rent for a house in Cheapside. When the company of wax chandlers dined in gala at their hall, on lord mayor's day, 1478, the luxury and extravagance of the age were wondered at, as soon as it was known that the expences of the day amounted to the enormous sum of seven shillings, or less than two dollars! In those frugal times seven shillings was thought a full and ample representative of a city company's feast!

In later periods, as specie became more plenty, and from that circum-

stance decreased in value, the dinner bill of the worthy company above-mentioned rose from seven shillings to seven pounds; and this sum, small as it may appear to the traders of the present age, was sufficient, about two centuries back, to gratify the appetites and exhilarate the hearts of perhaps seventy citizens.

In those days, we read that when a knight or squire was compelled to represent his county or borough in parliament, the said county or borough thought they made him a handsome provision, in allowing him twenty or thirty pounds to bear his expences: with this vast stipend he came reluctantly to town, and perhaps still more reluctantly was obliged, for the sake of domestic tranquillity, to bring his wife and daughter, once in their lives, to see the metropolis. After a winter spent in the gaieties of London, the consequence of their excursion generally was, that they returned to their ancient mansion fifty or sixty pounds poorer than when they left it; whether the wisdom they acquired answered the vast expence of the pursuit, is a question which, not having any connection with the object of my present speculation, I shall not waste my time in canvassing.

Taking it for granted, then, that seven pounds, or thirty-two dollars, was equal to the entertainment of a city company, and sixty, at most, or two hundred and seventy dollars, was sufficient to support the family of a senator through the dissipation of a session in town, at the beginning of the last century, the rise of these two articles will perhaps astonish you as much as it has me; and you will doubtless consider them as the strongest instances I could produce to show the influx of wealth, and the rapid increase of specie, or the representative of specie, down to the present time: inquire now from what cause this increase proceeded.

The torrent of wealth which flowed from newly discovered America to Spain, did what the riches of the east had done formerly to Rome;

it brought with it its concomitant luxury, and enervated the people. When the golden showers first fell upon the former nation, they rendered other showers useless to the uncultured earth; the great embracing their real, and the poor their ideal trans-atlantic possessions, left their native country to chance; the spade and the plough were abandoned; the vineyard neglected; the arts sickened; and, *strange as it may seem*, even the sails of commerce flagged, except those employed to transport their beloved metal from the new to the old world. From this dream they were awakened by hunger; in a short time their visionary accumulations vanished, and they found, like the cock in the fable, that a grain of corn, in the house of famine, was of more value than a diamond; that gold was not *good to eat*. The result was that from their fertile but neglected country, an indolent and avaricious people were obliged to part with their riches to purchase bread; this threw trade into a new channel; the other European nations, glad of a ready money custom, poured their commodities into Spain; supplied her with every necessary and luxury of life; the gold and silver of Peru and Potosi became by this means dispersed over the world, and the Iberian possessors of it were contented to act as factors or bankers to the rest of Europe. Before this great revolution in commerce, the landed interest had in most countries been predominant, and the rise or fall of that kind of property in its value, was the criterion of the prosperity or decline of the state.

Falstaff, in reply to the prince's remarks upon the disorders likely to arise in the "times of civil buffetting," observes that "land may be bought as cheap as stinking mackerel." In our days he would have said, "consols will be done at fifty;" or, in other words, that money, or its representative, credit, is in its plenty or stability the index that points the passions of the people to what they think their greatest blessing: on the contrary, the scarcity of

specie, or the depression of paper, hangs like a weight upon their mind, and involves the nation in gloom, terror, and discontent.

Since the value set on the happiness annexed to riches is so great, can we wonder that the desire of procuring them rose among men much faster than the mines of Mexico could supply them? To attract gold to this kingdom, can we wonder that every method ingenuity could devise was up in practice; or that the artist, the manufacturer, the merchant, joined their efforts, and that the world was explored for articles of luxury to allure this favourite metal to these shores? But though it was poured upon them in great abundance; though to the product of the American mines was added the immense influx of Asiatic wealth, which has during the last fifty years centered in this kingdom; yet it is to be doubted, whether England has become intrinsically richer; for though her wealth, or rather appearance of wealth, has increased, the means of dissipation have increased likewise, and even the necessities of life have risen in a still greater proportion. In this situation, the current specie, though multiplied a hundred fold in the period above-mentioned, has been found an insufficient representative for the gratification of luxury, the bargains of trade, the schemes of speculation, and the purposes of corruption: hence arose, and much honour is due to the ingenuity of the first inventor, the practice of giving a nominal value to a small slip of paper, making it the portrait of so many pounds, and sending it over the world for commercial, and sometimes, perhaps, less laudable purposes.

In the scarcity of money to which former ages were subject, a small quantity of it represented so large a portion of goods, that even the richest merchant found but little inconvenience in keeping in his strong box sufficient for all the demands of his trade; his superfluous cash was vested in estates; the exchange con-

ducted by the Jews and Lombards was literally the coin of one country for that of another: but when the mode of supplying the exigences of the state was changed from aids, benevolences, and fifteenths, to loans, and these loans were funded, a new species of property arose; a bank was established, and become the hot-bed from whence the immense harvests of paper-credit have sprung up.

The ease and convenience with which pecuniary affairs were conducted by bills and notes, and the honour, regularity, and facility, with which the business of the bank was managed, while it prejudiced people in favour of funded property, was found equally advantageous to commerce in general; and the success of the discount and circulation part of it induced men of great fortunes to form houses on the same plan, but more adapted to the multifarious concerns of merchandize.

Had the business of banking stopt here, no doubt it would have continued to be a national benefit; and a considerable paper circulation should have not only been allowed, but encouraged. But as the best things may be perverted to the worst use, so the ease and convenience with which drafts and notes were negotiated, has given rise to, and of late most enormously increased, a set of people emphatically denominated hedge bankers, whose only stock is effrontery and paper; coiners and circulators of paper guineas who, within these last twenty years, for I believe few can give a more ancient date to their establishments, have like locusts covered the face of the country. In these flourishing happy times, we have village, market-town, city, and county banks; and nothing can give a stronger, or more glaring picture of the opulence of the nation, than the wonder with which a traveller beholds, in some large towns, a bank in almost every street!

With respect to many of them, they take their rise in the following manner: Truck, a shopkeeper, in a

place consisting perhaps of twenty houses, charmed with the profits and gentility annexed to the profession of a banker, resolves to establish a house. He meets his friends, Selvage, the draper, and Hobnail, the ironmonger, at the club. While they smoke their pipes, they lament the burden and inconvenience which arises to his majesty's subjects from being obliged to carry money in their pocket to market or fair; and observe of how much more consequence a man appears, whose name stamps a value upon a bit of paper. "Pay the sum of thirty-five shillings and sixpence three farthings to Peter Pullet, or order. *Paul Ploughshare.*" What elegance in the sound! with what ease, to those that can write, is property transferred by this means! in short, they deem a bank a necessary appendage to the village, and immediately create a firm. In a few days the soap and candles are removed from the windows of the shop of the head partner; the gilt sugar loaves taken down; the house new painted; and

THE QUAGMIRE BANK,
TRUCK, SELVAGE, HOBNAIL,
and Co.

in capitals emblazoned on the front.

Under so respectable a sanction, they begin to collect the guineas of the neighbourhood, and issue their paper, adorned with a view of the shop at one corner; they connect themselves with the bank in the market-town, who are connected with the bank in the city, who are connected with the county bank, who are agents to a house in London; and thus we see, from so small a beginning, an immense diffusion of paper drags the cash out of the pockets of the provincial inhabitants of this nation, and ultimately brings it to the capital, which must be considered as the reservoir into which the lesser streams empty themselves.

A gentleman who is in the receipt of a very large estate informs me, that the proportion of specie to paper in the payments made to him, is about five pounds in the hundred; which

I suppose to be nearly the average of the real and ideal property; or, to speak plainly, that every five pounds of cash possessed by country banks in general, is represented by nineteen five pound notes: these finding their way into circulation, become the vehicles of commerce. Therefore, if we suppose a bank with a capital of even ten thousand pounds specie dispersing paper to the amount of a hundred thousand, which is too frequently the case, and which, as long as their credit lasts, supplies the place of current coin among the lower orders of tradesmen and manufacturers, you may easily figure to yourself the distress and confusion it must create in a small town or village, if such a house happens to stop payment; and that they do so very often, every day's experience convinces us.

You may perhaps tell me that I have only adverted to the danger, and not stated the convenience that accrues from keeping an account at one of those houses. But this is because there seems to me no great convenience in it.

When a farmer or trader goes to market, either to buy or sell, the receiving or payment of a sum of money is attended with little more trouble than the writing of a draft. When our ancestors disposed of their commodities, they were, like the northern nations at present, frequently paid in silver and even copper; the bulk of the cash received was consequently great; yet weighty as it was, they generally contrived to bear the burden cheerfully home with them. In those ages, paper and its concomitants, swindling and forgery, were unknown.

In our days, when the transfer of a large sum is required, and money thought a cumbersome and awkward medium, there are few towns, however remote from the metropolis, in which notes of the bank of England are not to be procured, either of the receivers of the revenue or London agents; though it must be confessed, they were much oftener seen before the general introduction of country

banks. You may say, they are to be procured, it is true; but whether you want to turn a note into cash, or cash into a note, the officer expects a premium. This I allow, and surely the security of the transaction and credit of the paper, where paper is necessary, are well worth the small expence attending the exchange.

A circulation of notes and bills has been thought advantageous to commerce, as it enables men of small capitals, and great enterprize, to extend their dealings to a degree unknown in former ages.

Think me not too sceptical, if I doubt whether unlimited traffic and boundless manufacture, especially when not firmly supported, are ultimately of any great benefit to a nation: these sources of wealth may, by a hundred accidents, be stopped; every port may be filled with the sails of our merchants; every country in time overloaded with the productions of our artificers; the schemes of speculation must in the end be exhausted; and while the produce of the forge and the loom are hawked about the world, perhaps in vain, the plenty and wealth to be derived from agriculture are overlooked.

It has been remarked of Spain, that the bulk of the people became in reality poorer, as the national riches increased, and their dominions extended; and in this country, the folly of pursuing commerce and cultivation to the south pole, and at the same time leaving vast tracts of land at home in its original wildness, is too obvious not to strike every observer. But to return to the subject from which I have in some degree wandered.

When I supposed the country bankers in possession of the tenth or twentieth part of the property for which they had bills in circulation, some instances have proved that I erred exceedingly in their favour; as from the melancholy detail of their circumstances, it has been found that not one in ten, or perhaps twenty, were masters of any real property at all. When the chain of

connection has been broken; when one of the principal links has given way, and the crush of a London, Bristol, or Manchester house has been followed by those of all their country dependants; when the wide extended ruin has involved thousands of credulous individuals, it has frequently been discovered, that every fabric in the whole range has been erected on the most unsubstantial foundation; that perhaps not one of them were ever in possession of a thousand pounds they could really and truly call their own, though their notes to the amount of several hundred thousands may have found a ready circulation through the manufacturing counties, not only to the injury of trade in general, but of the national credit, and the bank of England in particular.

If you think the lower orders of society are by poverty exempt from the evils of paper circulation, you will, if you take the trouble to inquire into the conduct of great manufacturers, find yourself mistaken. You will learn at Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, and other towns, where great numbers of journeymen are employed, that notes to a large amount are weekly passed among them; that their master's notes, which they take in lieu of wages, are negotiable with the butcher, baker, shopkeeper, publican, or may be turned into money by application to the clerks of the factory, *at a discount*.

In the weaving and wool counties, this traffic is carried still further, and the great masters become keepers of stores, from which the work-people are obliged to purchase the necessaries of life at any price they please to put upon them.

For the Literary Magazine.

AN ACCOUNT OF THOMAS DERMODY.

IT is lamentable to think how little the treatment of persons who

labour under the complicated diseases of poverty, poetry, and want of principle, is yet understood. The common method has hitherto been, to encourage the immorality by indulgence, to repress the poetry by extravagant applause, and to exasperate the symptoms of poverty by thoughtless and unmeasured profusion, succeeded by desertion and neglect. The case of Thomas Dermody appears indeed to have been very desperate; and it is but just to say, that many of his patrons appear to have followed a very rational system of cure: it failed however entirely, partly through the originally bad constitution of the subject, and partly through the mismanagement of some of his romantic admirers. The life and works of this literary prodigy have lately been published, and contain a curious and instructive story. The symptoms are common enough in forward and ill educated youth; but they are so unusually violent in this particular case, as to render it an object of interest.

Thomas Dermody was the son of a tippling schoolmaster in the west of Ireland; and copied all his father's accomplishments with so premature an alacrity, that, before he was ten years of age, he was an excellent classical scholar, and a confirmed drunkard. At this early age, he composed a monody on the death of a brother, which certainly indicates an astonishing prematurity in the arts of composition and versification, though, in substance, it is little more than a cento from the Lycidas and other minor poems of Milton.

Before he had completed his eleventh year, this youthful minstrel determined to break from the bondage of his father's house, to seek adventures and fame in the metropolis; and set out accordingly, with one shirt and two shillings in his pocket.

He meets with a funeral, a merry parish clerk, and a carrier, on this expedition; and, by the good offices of the latter, is safely deposited in the heart of the city of Dublin.

There he is picked up by two stall booksellers, the one of whom wants to make him a sort of tutor to his son, and the other attempts to employ him as a shop-boy; but his irritability and love of drinking render him unfit for either situation; and he fortunately attracts the notice of Dr. Houlton, who takes him into his house, furnishes him with books, and exhibits him to his friends as a prodigy of learning and ingenuity. He takes it violently amiss, however, that the good doctor objects to his reading in bed, and mutters something heroic as to the horrors of dependence. The doctor being forced to go to a different part of the kingdom, gives him much good advice, and a handsome sum of money, and leaves him again to his own discretion.

This money, though still under twelve years of age, he immediately spends in low debauchery, and then takes shelter with a painter whom he had seen at Dr. Houlton's house, and condescends to act as his errand-boy, and to wash the brushes and heat the size-pots of his master, when he was employed in painting some scenes at the playhouse. In this situation, he produced a poem on the performers, which excited great attention in the green-room, and procured him the patronage of Mr. Owenson, who charitably took him home to his own house, and exerted all his influence to procure him some permanent establishment.

Dr. Young, professor of natural philosophy in the college, undertook to superintend his studies; but he soon deserted his instructor, and went about idling, while he induced his benevolent patron to believe that he was diligent in his attendance. The detection of this duplicity soon followed; and Mr. Owenson was glad to transfer his wayward pupil to the Rev. G. Austin, who now kindly undertook to board and instruct him. By this gentleman's interest, a subscription was set on foot for publishing a collection of his poems, before he was fourteen years of age: a considerable sum was col-

lected, and the infant poet was introduced, like the Young Roscius of his day, into all the literary and fashionable circles of the metropolis. His inherent profligacy, however, was, if possible, still more wonderful than his early acquirements; and, neither the example of his benefactors, nor the dread of their displeasure, could, even at this early age, overcome his attachment to low company, and the most gross and brutal debauchery. To these strange and disgusting excesses, he seems to have added the practice of habitual falsehood. He was detected in a very barefaced imposition of this nature, and degraded for it by his patron from the parlour to the kitchen, where he wrote some libellous and ungrateful verses against him, which excited the resentment of that gentleman so excessively, that he returned all the subscriptions he had collected for him, burned his poems, and turned him out of doors. He then made various applications for money, to those who had honoured him with their subscriptions, and, by the good offices of his friend Mr. Owenson, was taken into the protection of the dowager countess of Moira.

This lady, who seems to have been the most intelligent of all his patrons, removed him immediately from the metropolis, and placed him in the family of the Reverend Mr. Boyd, at Killeagh, where, for two years, she supported him in the most liberal manner, and endeavoured to reclaim him by the most earnest advice. Even in this retreat, he speedily gave way to his inherent propensities to intemperance and low company, and spent the greater part of his time carousing in the ale-house with the parish clerk, the village taylor, and all the dissipated rustics in the neighbourhood. The restraint under which he was held by his reverend tutor disgusted him with the tranquil and secure life which he now lived; and, with the native restlessness of a vagrant, he began to hanker after the tumult

and adventure of that precarious and mendicant existence, from which he had just been rescued. He proceeded, accordingly, not only to scandalize his benefactress by new excesses, but to fatigue and insult her by clamorous lamentations over the bondage in which he was held, and demands for the independence to which he had been taught to look forward. Here follows the answer which this excellent and benevolent person returned to these turbulent effusions.

"Lady Moira informs Thomas Dermody, that Mr. Berwick (who is in the country) has transmitted to her a letter which Dermody had written to him, and that she has also received that which Dermody has written to her; both letters intimating his desire and design to withdraw himself from lady Moira's direction, and consequent protection. Lady Moira makes not the least objection to that determination; and has enclosed to Mr. Boyd ten guineas, that he may enter upon his future schemes, and follow his own pursuits, not totally in a destitute condition.

"Lady Moira had hoped, that from his residence with the Rev. Mr. Boyd, he would not only have acquired literary information, but also, in the course of two years, from the influence of mature reason, have attained to the prudent reflection of how incumbent it was for him to practise an exact conduct, to efface the prejudices his former behaviour had impressed. What attainments he has made in literature, it is not in her power to decide: she is persuaded that it could only arise from his own negligence, if he has not profited from Mr. Boyd's instructions. That he has not received any benefit from reflection the style of impropriety which runs through his letters plainly evinces. Lady Moira warns him, that the waywardness of his nature, and the ill-founded degree of self-conceit he indulges himself in respecting his genius, will prevent his ever having friends, or

arriving at success, through the course of his future life, unless he alters his conduct and his sentiments.

"As Dermody has thought proper to withdraw himself from her direction and protection in a manner equally ungracious and absurd, lady Moira informs him, that the donation which accompanies this note, is the last attention or favour that he is ever to expect from lady Moira, or any of her family."

On receiving this note, the infatuated boy grasped the money with eagerness, indited a farewell ode to his friends at the alehouse, and rushed again into the miseries and profligacy of the metropolis. Here he was soon reduced to beggary, and begged: however, by the assistance of Mr. Owenson, he printed a volume of poems, and was patronized by Mr. Grattan, Mr. Flood, Mr. Monk Mason, and various other persons of notoriety; but his incurable propensities alienated all his protectors in succession, and indeed made all pecuniary assistance unavailing. Though he had written a foolish revolutionary pamphlet, the late lord Kilwarden, then attorney-general, was pleased to interest himself in his behalf; and though, on the first visit, he was carried dead drunk from the table, carried his munificence so far as to engage apartments for him in the college, and make offer of defraying the whole of his expences, besides allowing him 30*l.* a year for pocket-money. This most liberal and generous offer he had the unpardonable folly to refuse, for no other reason that appears, but that he entertained an abhorrence of all regular application, sobriety, or polished society. The attorney-general, of course, withdrew his patronage from so perverse a profligate, and he had recourse again to beggary and occasional poetry.

He had not yet wearied out Irish indulgence. Mr. Smith and Mr. Emerson now undertook to provide for him: but because they ventured sometimes to remonstrate with him on his irregularities, he suddenly

withdrew himself from their notice, and abandoned himself to the most depraved society. Deserted at last even by those base associates, he wandered about many weeks without any habitation, or any means of subsistence, but the casual donations which his wretched appearance extorted from the humanity of those to whom he presented mean petitions. In this situation he meditated a visit to London, and wrote some abusive and scurrilous verses on that country which had so long tolerated and supported his vices by its liberal and long-suffering munificence. In his drunken fits he was twice enlisted by a crimping serjeant, and twice set at liberty by his friends; but, on falling into this scrape a third time, it was judged proper by lord Moira and his other patrons, that he should be allowed to remain, for some time at least, in the ranks, to try whether military discipline might not effect that reformation which had proved impracticable by any other method.

For a considerable time there seemed to be ground for hoping that this experiment would prove successful; he was promoted to be a serjeant for good behaviour, and at last, on the sailing of the English army for Flanders, was appointed by Lord Moira second lieutenant to a waggon corps, and served abroad with no discredit or remarkable irregularity, for the long period of four years. On the reduction of this army he was put on half-pay, which secured him a regular annuity of 32*l.*

The beneficence of the earl of Moira now induced him to provide for his accommodation, and put him in the way of literary advancement; but he squandered the liberal supplies of his protector, and returning to the pursuits of low debauchery, was very soon reduced to prison, from which he was only released by the kindness of his patron. He was no sooner at liberty, than all thoughts of reformation vanished; he mortgaged his half-pay, boarded himself with a drunken Irish cobbler in

Westminster, and spent his days and nights in the most offensive intemperance with him and his associates. Lord Moira, though he never deserted him entirely, was now forced to abandon the scheme of bringing him forward to public notice.

In 1800 he published a collection of his poems; but he was now twenty-five years of age; and the public, that had clapped and shouted the infant poet, did not find any subject for rapturous admiration in the production of the man. He was soon naked and destitute again, and then applied to sir James Bland Burges. Sir James gave him a draught on his banker for ten pounds; and as soon as he had got home, Dermody wrote a letter, stating that he had lost the draught by the way, and requesting to have another of equal value. On sending to the banker, sir James found that the first draught had been presented and paid to the poet, who makes a most awkward apology for the imposition, and is again received into favour. By the intercession of this new patron, he was now recommended to the consideration of the Literary Fund; and received a supply of money and clothes, that seemed to put him, for a time at least, beyond the reach of absolute want.

As he was now well drest, apparently relieved from his embarrassments, and with favourable prospects opening to him, his friends entertained a hope that he would have discretion enough to make a good use of his prosperity. But this expectation was very short lived. Within a week after he had appeared in his new clothes, as sir James Burges was sitting in the evening in his library, he heard a loud noise and a violent altercation in his hall. On going out to inquire the cause, he found Dermody struggling with two of his servants, who endeavoured to prevent him from forcing his way into the house. And, indeed, his appearance was such as completely to justify them; for he was literally in rags, was

covered with mud, in which it appeared that he had been just rolled, had a black eye, and a fresh wound on his head, from which the blood trickled down his breast; and, to crown the whole, was so drunk as to be hardly able to stand or speak. As soon as sir James could recognize him, he released him from his servants; and, conducting him to his library, inquired the reason of his appearing in such a condition. Dermody accounted for his being so ill drest, by saying that he had pawned his new clothes. As for his dirt and wounds, he said he had been arrested and carried to a spunging house, where he had been drinking with the bailiffs, and writing a poem which he wished to take to sir James, but they would not let him; so that he had watched his opportunity, and slipped off; but had been overtaken by them, and obliged to fight his way.

The compassion of sir James withstood this exhibition; and he persisted in his attention to this devoted bacchanal, till his repeated misconduct and shameless solicitations at last wearied out his benevolence, and shut his ears to his entreaties.

At one time he might be seen in his garret in company with his hosts the cobbler and his wife, and some attic lodger of equal consequence, regaling on a goose which his industry had roasted by a string in his own apartment: while the pallet-bed, which stood in a corner, was strewn with various vegetables; the fire-side decorated with numerous foaming pots of porter; and the cobbler's work-stool, boot-leg, lap-stone, &c. were commodiously placed as seats. On another occasion, in some neighbouring alehouse, entertaining the same personages with the various rarities which these resorts generally afford; where, as the astonished guests, enveloped in clouds of smoke, sat listening with rapture to the eloquence of Dermody, the host was to be discovered in the back ground applauding with one hand, while his other dex-

terously scored an additional item to the bill.

At another time, a friend having occasion to call for him, on entering the house his ears were assailed by violent plaudits and huzzas, which appeared to issue from the attic story. Having little curiosity to inquire into the cause of these extraordinary rejoicings, he only requested to see Dermody. The good woman of the house quickly dispatched a messenger to give the proper information; and the visitant was soon ushered into a room, at the top of which sat Dermody in a new suit of clothes, surrounded by half a score of the landlord's smoking acquaintances; the table strewn with tobacco, pipes, and a plentiful flow of wine and spirits; and the side-board loaded with bottles, the late contents of which had left the members of this elevated society in a state of equal jollity and confusion.

One day, Dermody had dined in Piccadilly; when his friend, perceiving his shoes and stockings to be in a very bad condition, sent and purchased a pair of each, which Dermody put into his pocket, with the intention of wearing them the following morning. The next evening, however, he made his appearance without either shoes, stockings, hat, neckcloth, or waistcoat, and in a state of intoxication not to be endured. He had pledged the shoes and stockings, got drunk with the money, and, in a fray in the streets, had lost his other necessities. He entered the house in this state, told his tale, threw on the floor the duplicate of the articles he had pledged, demanded other apparel, was refused, swore a few oaths, threatened to destroy a sideboard of glass, alarmed the whole family, was turned out of doors, and, during the remainder of the night, took shelter in a shed fitted up for some cattle in one of the fields leading from Westminster to Chelsea.

His last patron was lord Sidmouth, who enabled him to bring out another volume of poetry in 1802, and contributed liberally to his comfort and relief. But no admonitions

could withhold Dermody many hours from the pot-house, and no money could keep him many days from the jail. His constitution at last gave way under so many irregularities; he ran from his creditors and benefactors to a miserable cottage in the village of Sydenham, where he expired, in July, 1802, at the age of 27.

Such is the history of Thomas Dermody. Every one must look with some degree of disapprobation on the patronage and indulgence which was lavished on such a wretch as Dermody.

His talents were of an inferior order. He has considerable sweetness of versification, and a copious and easy flow of expression; but we find little original in his conceptions: he is a great copyist: and, where he does not give way to a vein of puerile parody, or vulgar mock heroick, seems generally contented with amplifying, in loose and declamatory language, the ideas which he borrows from popular authors. After all, it is by no means so difficult to write tolerable poetry as the world appears to imagine; nor is the merit of this kind of labour so great as to atone for the want of common decency, or to monopolize the charity on which virtuous misfortune has so much stronger a claim. There are quantities of poetry as good as most of Dermody's, which pass quietly to oblivion every six months, without ever being missed by the world.

It is more indeed to national vanity, and a taste for monsters of all descriptions, than to any tender sympathies for the suffering of genius, that we must ascribe the profuse and unmerited bounty which was poured into the purse of this prodigy of verse and debauchery. It would have been quite as well for the world, and much better for himself, had he been allowed to pursue his natural progress, from the house of correction to the gallows; or, at any rate, if he had been left under the wholesome discipline of the sergeants and drummers in the ranks of a regiment of foot.

For the Literary Magazine.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE COUNTRY
AND PRODUCTIONS NEAR THE
RED RIVER, IN LOUISIANA. IN
A LETTER FROM DR. JOHN
SIBLEY, TO DR. CALVIN, OF
RALEIGH.

THE district of Natchitoches contains about 3000 inhabitants, strung mostly along the river, occupying its banks for about sixty miles, in which, till a short time ago, was a Spanish garrison, and now an American one.

The inhabitants immediately on the banks of the Mississippi are less sickly than on the large rivers in the Carolinas and Georgia, probably owing to the immense depth and purity of the river water, which is always cool, and never emits putrid miasma. On the Red River it is much the same, with the difference only of the brackishness of its water, from the great number of salt springs, lakes, and creeks, with which the country through which it passes abounds: the water of the Red River is so salt, that wherever it is stagnant, large cockles, clams, shrimps, &c., resembling those on the sea-coast, are found in plenty. At Natchitoches, lime made of cockle shells is plenty, and used altogether, though limestone exists in abundance. Lime made of shells is sold at twenty-five cents a bushel, and a common labourer's wages is seventy-five cents a day. I have never seen on Red River any fever of the putrid bilious infectious kind, none worse than an intermittent, or remittent, that six or eight doses of bark a day, for three or four days, after proper evacuations, would cure; though I have found often such a degree of debility, that blistering, and the diffusive stimulus, was necessary. Pneumonic complaints carried off a number of persons last winter; they were most fatal among the old people. At Natchitoches there are several instances of longevity. There is a German that has been here fifty

years; who is now ninety-five years old, in good health, labours constantly, and can walk thirty miles a day, several who were born here of between eighty and eighty-five, and upwards of twenty above seventy.

I have kept this summer an account of the degree of heat by Fahrenheit's thermometer, hung in a house surrounded with a piazza, against a plank partition that divides a common hall from a chamber. The 5th of June, at 3 P. M., it was 94; no other day has been more than 92, and but a few days more than from 84 to 86. Our nights are always cool. The latitude of Natchitoches I believe to be 32° 10'. Sugar cane grows pretty well here, and sour oranges. I have taken the liberty of enclosing you some samples of colours, which I have made of a wood found on Red River in great plenty; it is sometimes called saphors; but more commonly in French bois d'arc; or bow-wood: it is used by the Indians for their bows to throw their arrows, and by the French for axe helves and handles for other tools. It grows two or three feet in diameter, resembles in colour most exactly the patent yellow, takes a beautiful polish, and I think would be highly esteemed by turners and cabinet makers, particularly for inlaying and fineering; but probably more valuable as a dye wood. The colours marked 1, 2, and 3, are made by a simple decoction of the wood, only of different degrees of strength, and is the colour of the wood. Other colours I made from the same decoction of logwood, blue vitriol, salt of tartar, copperas, or alum; these colours will not wash out nor fade by being washed in strong soap suds. As the quantity of it on Red River cannot, by exportation, be exhausted, and every particle of it may be used by either turner, cabinet maker, or dyer, I have no doubt but in some future time it may be a valuable article of exportation.

There is between Natchitoches and the sea shore, at a small creek near the Quesqueshee lake, the skeleton of an animal, which, from

the description I have had of it, is the skeleton of a mammoth. If it is so, it contradicts an opinion that has existed, that these animals have not been in a latitude so far south.

Should the western limits of Louisiana extend to the river Brave or Grand (Great River), the mouth of which is in latitude 26, the United States will be able to make their own coffee and chocolate, both of which articles grow well in that latitude, and will include a country, particularly at and about Saint Antoine, that in point of beauty and fertility is superior to any part in Europe or America; the surface of the country is neither level nor too hilly, is in perpetual verdure, of the most luxuriant grass; the pastures in summer and winter are equally rich; great proportion of it rich prairies, through which flow the most beautifully limpid streams, meandering over gravel and pebble bottoms.

The city of Saint Antoine is about one hundred and forty years old, is about five hundred miles south-west-erly of Natchitoches, and contains about five hundred houses, mostly built of white free stone, situated on a river called St. Marchus, or Saint Antoine river, and about one hundred and eighty miles from its mouth, in which it is said there is a good port about one hundred miles below St. Antoine. On the same river is the town of Laberdee, which was first settled, in 1662, by Mons. de Salles, a Frenchman. Some of his descendants now live there, and there are French cannon now there which they brought, with the engravings of Louis XIV on them.

For the Literary Magazine.

A LESSON FOR JURORS.

To the Editor, &c.

THE following lesson for jurors, which cannot be too generally known and circulated, appears to be well

calculated for a place in your instructing magazine:

A judge, who lately travelled the north-west circuit of Ireland, came to the trial of a cause in which most of the local consequences of certain demagogues in the neighbourhood were concerned: it was the case of a landlord's prosecution against a poor man, his tenant, for assault and battery, committed on the person of the prosecutor, by the defendant, in the preservation of his only child, an innocent and beautiful girl, from ravishment.

When the poor man was brought into court, and put to the bar, the prosecutor appeared, and swore most manfully to every article in the indictment. He was cross-examined by the jurors, who were composed of honest tradesmen and farmers.

The poor man had no lawyers to tell his story; he pleaded his own cause, and he pleaded, not to the fancy, but to the heart. The jury found him *not guilty*.

The court was enraged; but the surrounding spectators, gladdened to exultation, uttered a shout of applause. The judge told the jury they must go back to their jury-room and re-consider the matter; adding, "he was surprised they could presume to return so infamous a verdict." The jury bowed, went back, and in a quarter of an hour returned, when the foreman, a venerable old man, thus addressed the bench: "My lord, in compliance with your desire, we went back to our jury-room; but as we found no reason to alter our opinions or our verdict, we return it in the same words as before—*not guilty*. We heard your lordship's extraordinary language of reproof, but we do not accept it as properly or warrantably applying to us. It is true, my lord, that we ourselves, individually considered in our private capacities, may be poor insignificant men, therefore, in that light, we claim nothing out of this box above the common regards of our humble but honest stations; but, my lord, assembled here as a *jury*, we cannot be insensible to the great

and constitutional importance of the department we now fill ; we feel, my lord, that we are appointed, as *you* are, by the law and the constitution, not only as an impartial tribunal to judge between the king and his subjects, the offended and the offender, but we act in a situation of still greater confidence ; for we form, as a jury, the barrier of the people against the possible influence, prejudice, passion, or corruption of the bench.

"To you, my lord, meeting you within these walls, I, for my own part, might possibly measure my respect by your private virtues ; but the moment I am enclosed in this place, your private character is invisible ; for it is, in my eyes, veiled in your official one, and to open conduct in that only can we look.

"This jury, my lord, does not, in this business, presume to offer to that bench the smallest degree of disrespect, much less of insult ; we pay it the respect one tribunal should pay to another, for the common honour of both. This jury, my lord, did not arraign that bench with partiality, prejudice, infamous decision, nor yet with influence, passion, corruption, oppression, or tyranny ; no, we looked to it as the mercy-seat of royalty, as the sanctuary of truth and justice. Still, my lord, we cannot blot from our minds the records of our school-books, nor erase the early inscriptions written on our intellects and memories. Hence we must be mindful that monarchs and judges are but fallible mortals, that tyrants have sat on thrones, and that the mercy-seat of royalty, and the sanctuary of justice, have been polluted by a Tressilian, a Scraggs, and a Jeffries. [*Here was a frown from the bench.*]

"Nay, my lord, I am a poor man, but I am a free born subject of the kingdom of Ireland, a member of the constitution ; nay, I am now higher, for I am the representative thereof. I therefore claim for myself and fellow-jurors, the liberty

of speech ; and, if I am refused it here, I shall assume it before the people at the door of this courthouse, and tell them why I deliver my mind there, instead of delivering it at this place. [*Here the bench re-assumed complacency.*]

"I say, my lord, we have nothing to do with your private character ; we know you here only in that of judge ; and as such we would respect you : you know nothing of us but as a jury ; and in that situation we should look to you for reciprocal respect, because we know of no man, however high his titles or his rank, in whom the law or the constitution would warrant the presumption of an unprovoked insult towards that tribunal in whom the people have vested the dearest and most valuable privilege they possess. I before said, my lord, that we are here met, not individually, nor do we assume pre-eminence ; but, in the sacred character of a jury, we should be wanting in reverence to the constitution itself, if we did not look for the respect of every man who regards it. We sit here, my lord, sworn to give a verdict according to our consciences, and the best of our opinions, on the evidence before us. We have, in our own minds, acquitted our duty as honest men. If we have erred, we are answerable, not to your lordship, nor to that bench, nor to the king who placed you there, but to a higher power, the KING OF KINGS !"

The bench was dumb, the bar silent ; but approbation was murmured throughout the crowd ; and the poor man was discharged.

To illustrate the extraordinary virtues and independence displayed by the above jury would require more than ordinary talents ; suffice it to say that it ought to be instilled into the mind, and the lesson engraven on the heart of every man, that he may be prepared for that exalted station.

J. W. P.

*For the Literary Magazine.*DESCRIPTION OF THE BOROUGH
OF WILMINGTON, IN THE
STATE OF DELAWARE, AND
THE COUNTRY AROUND IT.

WILMINGTON is a town of between 4 and 5000 inhabitants, in a high, healthy, and agreeable situation. Its southern side is washed by the Christiana river, navigable to the town by vessels drawing fifteen feet, and ten miles further by those of nine feet. From this water the land rises gradually to the N. E., presenting a fine swelling hill of 109 feet high, on the S. E. and S. W. side of which the town, consisting principally of brick houses, is erected. The apex of this hill is at half a mile distance from the Christiana; thence it declines (on all sides except the north) for half a mile. At the foot of it, on the N. E. side, the Brandywine mills are about fifty or sixty snug brick, stone, and frame houses. The Brandywine is about 40 miles in length; a permanent, beautiful stream, bordered with high rocky grounds, and navigable to the mills, where the water is six to eight feet deep at the height of the tide. The main post road passes over this stream and through the town of Wilmington, and mails are delivered every day from the cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore. Three land stages and one water stage leave the town every day for the first, and two land stages for the latter place.

The streams of Christiana and Brandywine form a junction one mile S. E. of the town of Wilmington, and discharge their waters into the Delaware, which is in full view for several miles, and at a distance of two and a half miles. To this point the view is quite open to the eastern shore of the Delaware, but is bounded in the east and south points by rising grounds and woods. The lands on the south side of the Christiana are rich and gently waved, but are not reckoned healthy, from some

cause not well ascertained. From the western point round the north, the country rises into hills of varied soils, yielding good crops, with careful cultivation, and, in almost all places, excellent water is found. Brandywine hundred, or the tract of country on the N. E. side of that creek, is high, rocky, and abounding with springs. The soil is pretty generally a stiff clay, not carefully cultivated, but supposed capable of producing large crops of timothy and some other grasses. This country is noted for its rapid production of timber, and the great supply of this necessary article which it has continued to yield for a long period of years.

The price of land varies much, as must be expected, in proportion to their quality and vicinity to marshes. On the south side of the Christiana they are under value, owing to the objection before stated, and to the want of a better means of passing the creek to Wilmington than a ferry half a mile below the town. They may be reckoned at an average value of 22 to 24 dollars per acre. From the west round to the north point, great variety and beauty of situation present; the prices accordingly vary from 150 to 12 dollars per acre within the space we have under view. So also are the variations of price in Brandywine hundred, except that they do not rise so high but go still lower. The improvements within this space, exclusive of those of the town and of Brandywine, for grinding grain (where there are thirteen mills), are six or eight flour mills, four powder mills, one tilt hammer wheel, and one mill for sawing marble, one forge and two paper mills, one snuff mill, besides several saw mills, making in the whole probably thirty-five water wheels for various machinery.

The town of Wilmington, as well as the neighbourhood, is settled with persons of various religious sects, who live in great harmony, and have houses for public worship, viz.

two belonging to the batonist*, two for those of the methodist persuasion, one episcopalian, one for the baptist, and one belonging to the society of friends. There are at present about twenty schools in Wilmington, in one of which the Greek and Latin languages are taught; a public library of about 600 volumes is also open six days in the week, for the use of members of the company or persons who chuse to hire books.

What appears to render Wilmington peculiarly fitted for the establishment of manufactures is not only the facility with which it communicates by water navigation with all parts of the continent, but particularly the facility by which a superabundance of water fall might be obtained for the erection of machinery, provided the capital embarked in the business was a large one, and the establishment intended to be extensive.

The Brandywine, in the last four miles of its course above the town, has a fall more than equal to the height of the hill upon which the buildings are erected; hence the possibility of gaining power sufficient for the employment of four times the machinery at present turned by the body of the stream at the Brandywine mills, or 48 wheels, as there are no natural obstructions to overcome but such as are common in works of a like kind.

It is true that as there are many valuable works erected on the stream within the distance spoken of, it would be necessary to agree with the owners for the privilege of carrying the water by them to a situation which would be more convenient for their purposes, provided their mills were not already established.

It may be objected to Wilmington, "that the yellow fever has prevailed and proved very destructive to it in the years 1798 and 1802; but on the other hand it must be taken into view, that peculiar causes operated in those years to facilitate its introduction, and that there now remains

* This name requires explanation.

no doubt of its having been introduced by persons from places previously affected, and that even in the most destructive times it was endemical, or confined to the lower parts of the town.

Of the general healthiness of the place, an idea may be formed by recurring to Carey's Geography, under the article Wilmington, as some pains were taken in the year mentioned there to procure accurate knowledge of the matter communicated. The population at that day was not equal to what it is at present is a fair presumption, yet there were found upwards of 160 persons within the borough, the youngest of whom had lived 60 years.

For the Literary Magazine.

CUMBERLANDIANA.

Concluded from page 158.

Henderson, the Actor.

HE was an actor of uncommon powers, and a man of the brightest intellect, formed to be the delight of society, and few indeed are those men of distinguished talents, who have been more prematurely lost to the world, or more lastingly regretted. What he was on the stage, those who recollect his Falstaff, Shylock, sir Giles Overreach, and many other parts of the strong cast, can fully testify; what he was at his own fire-side and in his social hours, all, who were within the circle of his intimates, will not easily forget. He had an unceasing flow of spirits, and a boundless fund of humour, irresistibly amusing: he also had wit, properly so distinguished, and from the specimens which I have seen of his sallies in verse, levelled at a certain editor of a public print, who had annoyed him with his paragraphs, I am satisfied he had talents at his command to have established a very high reputation as a poet. I was with him one morning, when he was

indisposed, and his physician, sir John Elliot, paid him a visit. The doctor, as is well known, was a merry little being, who talked pretty much at random, and oftentimes with no great reverence for the subjects which he talked upon; upon the present occasion, however, he came professionally to inquire how his medicines had succeeded, and in his northern accent demanded of his patient—"Had he taken the *pills* that he sent him?"—"He had."—"Well! and how did they agree? What had they done?"—"Wonders," replied Henderson; "I survived them."—"To be sure you did," said the doctor, "and you must take more of 'em, and live for ever: I make all my patients immortal."—"That is exactly what I am afraid of, doctor," rejoined the patient. "I met a lady of my acquaintance yesterday; you know her very well: she was in bitter affliction, crying and bewailing herself in a most piteous fashion: I asked what had happened. A melancholy event; her dearest friend was at death's door."—"What is her disease?" cried the doctor.—"That is the very question I asked," replied Henderson; "but she was in no danger from her disease; 'twas very slight; a mere excuse for calling in a physician."—"Why, what the devil are you talking about," rejoined the doctor; "if she had called in a physician, and there was no danger in the disease, how could she be said to be at death's door?"—"Because," said Henderson, "she had called in you: every body calls you in; you dispatch a world of business, and, if you come but once to each, your practice must have made you very rich."—"Nay, nay," quoth sir John, "I am not rich in this world; I lay up my treasure in heaven."—"Then you may take leave of it for ever," rejoined the other, "for you have laid it up where you will never find it."

Henderson's memory was so prodigious, that I dare not risk the instance which I could give of it, not thinking myself entitled to demand more credit than I should probably

be disposed to give. In his private character many good and amiable qualities might be traced, particularly in his conduct towards an aged mother, to whom he bore a truly filial attachment; and in laying up a provision for his wife and daughter he was at least sufficiently careful and economical. He was concerned with the elder Sheridan in a course of public readings: there could not be a higher treat than to hear his recitations from parts and passages in *Tristram Shandy*: let him broil his dish of sprats, seasoned with the sauce of his pleasantry, and succeeded by a dessert of Trim and my Uncle Toby, it was an entertainment worthy to be enrolled amongst the *noctes canasque divum*. I once heard him read part of a tragedy and but once; it was in his own parlour, he was conscious how ill he did it, and he ranted most outrageously; and laid it aside before he had finished it. It was clear he had not studied that most excellent property of pitching his voice to the size of the room he was in; an art, which so few readers have, but which lord Mansfield was allowed to possess in perfection. He was an admirable mimic, and in his sallies of this sort he invented speeches and dialogues, so perfectly appropriate to the characters he was displaying, that I don't doubt but many good sayings have been given to the persons he made free with, which, being fastened on them by him in a frolic, have stuck to them ever since, and perhaps gone down to posterity amongst their memorabilia. If there was any body now qualified to draw a parallel between the characters of Foote and Henderson, I don't pretend to say how the men of wit and humour might divide the laurel between them, but in this all men would agree, that poor Foote attached to himself very few true friends, and Henderson very many, and those highly respectable, men virtuous in their lives, and enlightened in their understandings. Foote, vain, extravagant, embarrassed, led a wild and thoughtless course of life; yet

when death approached him, he shrunk back into himself, saw and confessed his errors, and I have reason to believe was truly penitent. Henderson's conduct through life was uniformly decorous, and in the concluding stage of it exemplarily devout.

The Observer.

Though I continued to amuse my fancy with dramatic composition, my chief attention was bestowed upon that body of original essays, which compose the volumes of *The Observer*. I first printed two octavos experimentally at our press in Tunbridge Wells: the execution was so incorrect, that I stopped the impression as soon as I engaged my friend Mr. Charles Dilly to undertake the reprinting of it. He gave it a form and shape fit to meet the public eye, and the sale was encouraging. I added to the collection very largely, and it appeared in a new edition of five volumes: when these were out of print, I made a fresh arrangement of the essays, and incorporating my entire translation of *The Clouds*, we edited the work thus modelled in six volumes, and these being now attached to the great edition of the British Essayists, I consider the *Observer* as fairly enrolled amongst the standard classics of our native language. This work therefore has obtained for itself an inheritance; it is fairly off my hands, and what I have to say about it will be confined to a few simple facts. I had no acknowledgments to make in my concluding essay, for I had received no aid or assistance from any man living. Every page and paragraph, except what is avowed quotation, I am singly responsible for. My much esteemed friend, Richard Sharp, Esq., now of Mark-lane, had the kindness, during my absence from town, to correct the sheets as they came from the press. Had that judicious friend corrected them before they went to

the press, they would have been profited by the reform of many more than typographical errors; but the approbation he was pleased to bestow upon that portion of the work which passed under his inspection, was a very sensible support to me in the prosecution of it; for though I was aware what allowances I had to make for his candid disposition to commend, I had too much confidence in his sincerity to suppose him capable of complimenting me against his judgment or his conscience.

I think it cannot be supposed but that the composition of those essays must have been a work of time and labour; I trust there is internal evidence of that, particularly in that portion of it which professes to review the literary age of Greece, and gives a history of the Athenian stage. That series of papers will, I hope, remain as a monument of my industry in collecting materials, and of my correctness in disposing them: and when I lay to my heart the consolation I derive from the honours now bestowed upon me at the close of my career by one, who is only in the first outset of his, what have I not to augur for myself, when he who starts with such auspicious promise has been pleased to take my fame in hand, and link it to his own? If any of my readers are yet to seek for the author, to whom I allude, the *Comicorum Graecorum fragmenta quaedam* will lead them to his name, and him to their respect.

My publisher informs me that inquiries are made of him, if I have it in design to translate more comedies of Aristophanes, and that these inquiries are accompanied by wishes for my undertaking it. I am flattered by the honour, which these gentlemen confer upon me, but the version of *The Clouds* cost me much time and trouble; I have no right to reckon upon much more time for any thing, and it is very greatly my wish to collect and revise the whole of my unpublished,

and above all of my unacted dramas, which are very numerous ; I have also a work far advanced, though put aside during the writing of these Memoirs, which, if life is granted to me, I shall be anxious to complete. I must further observe that there is but one more comedy in our volume of Aristophanes, viz. *The Plutus*, which I could be tempted to translate.

—
The Jew.

I take credit to myself for the character of Abraham Abrahams ; I wrote it upon principle, thinking it high time that something should be done for a persecuted race : I seconded my appeal to the charity of mankind by the character of Sheva, which I copied from this of Abrahams. The public prints gave the Jews credit for their sensibility in acknowledging my well-intended services ; my friends gave me joy of honorary presents, and some even accused me of ingratitude for not making public my thanks for their munificence. I will speak plainly on this point : I do most heartily wish they had flattered me with some token, however small, of which I might have said, *this is a tribute to my philanthropy*, and delivered it down to my children, as my beloved father did to me his badge of favour from the citizens of Dublin : but not a word from the lips, not a line did I ever receive from the pen of any Jew, though I have found myself in company with many of their nation ; and in this perhaps the gentlemen are quite right, whilst I had formed expectations that were quite wrong ; for if I have said for them only what they deserve, why should I be thanked for it ? But if I have said more, much more, than they deserve, can they do a wiser thing than hold their tongues ?

It is reported of me, and very generally believed, that I compose with great rapidity. I must own the mass of my writings (of which the

world has not seen more than half), might seem to warrant that report ; but it is only true in some particular instances, not in the general ; if it were, I should not be disinclined to avail myself of so good an apology for my many errors and inaccuracies, or of so good a proof of the fertility and vivacity of my fancy. The fact is, that every hour in the day is my hour for study, and that a minute rarely passes, in which I am absolutely idle ; in short, I never do nothing. Nature has given me the hereditary blessing of a constitutional and habitual temperance, that revolts against excess of any sort, and never suffers appetite to load the frame ; I am accordingly as fit to resume my book or my pen the instant after my meal, as I was in the freshest hours of the morning. I never have been accustomed to retire to my study for silence and meditation ; in fact my book-room at Tunbridge Wells was occupied as a bed-room, and what books I had occasion to consult I brought down to the common sitting-room, where, in company with my wife and family (neither interrupting them, nor interrupted by them), I wrote *The Observer*, or whatever else I had in hand.

—
Romney.

Romney, in the mean time, shy, private, studious, and contemplative ; conscious of all the disadvantages and privations of a very stunted education ; of a habit naturally hypochondriac, with aspen nerves, that every breath could ruffle, was at once in art the rival, and in nature the very contrast of sir Joshua. A man of few wants, strict economy, and with no dislike to money, he had opportunities enough to enrich him even to satiety ; but he was at once so eager to begin, and so slow in finishing his portraits, that he was for ever disappointed of receiving payment for them by the casualties and revolutions in the fa-

milies they were designed for; for so many of his sitters were *killed off*, so many favourite ladies were dismissed, so many fond wives divorced, before he would bestow half an hour's pains upon their petticoats, that his unsaleable stock was immense, whilst, with a little more regularity and decision, he would have more than doubled his fortune, and escaped an infinitude of petty troubles that disturbed his temper. At length, exhausted rather by the languor than by the labour of his mind, this admirable artist retired to his native country in the north of England, and there, after hovering between life and death, neither wholly deprived of the one, nor completely rescued by the other, he continued to decline, till at last he sunk into a distant and inglorious grave, fortunate alone in this, that his fame is consigned to the protection of Mr. Hayley, from whom the world expects his history; there, if he says no more of him than that he was, at least, as good a painter as Mr. Cowper was a poet, he will say enough; and if his readers see the parallel in the light that I do, they will not think that he shall have said too much.

When I first knew Romney, he was poorly lodged in Newport-street, and painted at the small price of eight guineas for a three-quarters portrait. I sate to him, and was the first who encouraged him to advance his terms, by paying him ten guineas for his performance. I brought Garrick to see his pictures, hoping to interest him in his favour. A large family piece unluckily arrested his attention: a gentleman in a close-buckled bob-wig, and a scarlet waistcoat laced with gold, with his wife and children (some sitting, some standing), had taken possession of some yards of canvas, very much, as it appeared, to their own satisfaction, for they were perfectly amused in a contented abstinence from all thought or action. Upon this unfortunate groupe when Garrick had fixed his lynx's eyes, he began to put himself

into the attitude of the gentleman, and turning to Mr. Romney, "Upon my word, sir," said he, "this is a very regular, well-ordered family, and that is a very bright, well-rubbed mahogany table, at which that motherly good lady is sitting; and this worthy gentleman in the scarlet waistcoat is doubtless a very excellent subject to the state I mean (if all these are his children), but not for your art, Mr. Romney, if you mean to pursue it with that success, which I hope will attend you." The modest artist took the hint, as it was meant, in good part, and turned his family with their faces to the wall. When Romney produced my portrait, not yet finished—"It was very well," Garrick observed: "that is very like my friend, and that blue coat with a red cape is very like the coat he has on, but you must give him something to do; put a pen in his hand, a paper on his table, and make him a poet; if you can once set him down well to his writing, who knows but in time he may write something in your praise." These words were not absolutely unprophectic: I maintained a friendship for Romney to his death; he was uniformly kind and affectionate to me, and certainly I was zealous in my services to him. After his death I wrote a short account of him, which was published in a magazine. I did my best, but must confess I should not have undertaken it but at the desire of my excellent friend, Mr. Green, of Bedford-square; and being further urged to it by the wishes of two other valuable friends, Mr. Long, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Mr. Daniel Braythwaite, whom I sincerely esteem, it was not for me to hesitate, especially as I was not then informed of Mr. Hayley's purpose to take that work upon himself.

The Young Roscius.

My tragedy of *The Carmelite* was acted at Drury-lane, and most ably supported by Mrs. Siddons, who

took the part of the lady of Saint Valori, and also spoke the epilogue. She played inimitably, and in those days, when only men and women trode the stage, the public were contented with what was perfect in nature, and of course admired and applauded Mrs. Siddons; they could then also see merit in Mr. Kemble, who was in the commencement of his career, and appeared in the character of the youthful Montgomeri: the audiences of that time did not think the worse of him because he had reached the age of manhood, and appeared before them in the full-stature and complete maturity of one of the finest forms, that probably was ever exhibited upon a public stage. A revolution since then has taken place, a caprice, as ridiculous as it is extraordinary, and a general act of superannuation has gone forth against every male performer that has a beard. How I am to style this young child of fortune, this adopted favourite of the public, I don't rightly know; the bills of Covent-garden announce him as master Betty, those of Drury-lane as the Young Roscius. Roscius, as I believe upon the authority of Shakespeare, *was an actor in Rome*, and Cicero, who admired him, made a speech in his praise: all this of course is very right on both sides, and exactly as it should be. Mr. Harris announces him to the old women in the galleries in a phrase, that is familiar to them; whilst Mr. Sheridan, presenting him to the senators in the boxes by the style and title of Roscius, fails perhaps in his little representative of the great Roman actor, but perfectly succeeds in his own similitude to the eloquent Roman orator. In the mean time my friend Smith of Bury, with all that zeal for merit, which is natural to him, marries him to Melpomene with the ring of Garrick, and strewing roses of Parnassus on the nuptial couch, crowns happy master Betty, alias young Roscius, with a never-fading chaplet of immortal verse—

*And now when death dissolves his mortal
frame,
His soul shall mount to heav'n from whence
it came;
Earth keep his ashes, verse preverse his
fame.*

How delicious to be praised and panegyriized in such a style! to be ~~caressed~~ by dukes, and (which is better) by the daughters of dukes, flattered by wits, feasted by aldermen, stuck up in the windows of the printshops, and set astride (as these eyes have seen him) upon the cut-water of a privateer, like the tutelary genius of the British flag!

What encouragements doth this great enlightened nation hold forth to merit! What a consolatory reflection must it be to the superannuated yellow admirals of the stage, that when they shall arrive at second *childhood*, they may still have a chance to arrive at honours second only to these! I declare I saw with surprise a man, who led about a bear to dance for the edification of the public, lose all his popularity in the street, where this exquisite gentleman has his lodging; the people ran to see him at the window, and left the bear and the bear-leader in a solitude. I saw this exquisite young gentleman, whilst I paced the streets on foot, waited to his morning's rehearsal in a vehicle, that to my vulgar optics seemed to wear upon its polished doors the ensign of a ducal crown; I looked to see if haply John Kemble were on the braces, or Cooke perchance behind the coach; I saw the lacquies at their post, but Glenalvon was not there: I found John Kemble sick at home: I said within myself,

*Oh! what a time have you chose out, brave
Caius,
To wear a kerchief? Would you were not
sick!*

We shall have a second influx of the pigmies; they will pour upon us in multitudes innumerable as a shoal of sprats, and when at last we have nothing else but such small fry to

feed on, an epidemic nausea will take place.

There are intervals in fevers; there are lucid moments in madness; even folly cannot keep possession of the mind for ever. It is very natural to encourage rising genius, it is highly commendable to foster its first shoots; we admire and caress a clever school-boy, but we should do very ill to turn his master out of his office and put him into it. If the theatres persist in their puerilities, they will find themselves very shortly in the predicament of an ingenious mechanic, whom I remember in my younger days, and whose story I will briefly relate, in hopes it may be a warning to them.

This very ingenious artist, when Mr. Rich the Harlequin was the great dramatic author of his time, and wrote successfully for the stage, contrived and executed a most delicious serpent for one of those inimitable productions, in which Mr. Rich, justly disdaining the weak aid of language, had selected the classical fable (if I rightly recollect it) of Orpheus and Eurydice, and having conceived a very capital part for the serpent, was justly anxious to provide himself with a performer, who could support a character of that consequence with credit to himself and to his author. The event answered his most ardent hopes; nothing could be more perfect in his entrances and exits, nothing ever crawled across the stage with more accomplished sinuosity than this enchanting serpent; every soul was charmed with its performance; it twirled, and twisted, and wriggled itself about in so divine a manner, the whole world was ravished with the lovely snake: nobles and non-nobles, rich and poor, old and young, reps and demi-reps flocked to see it, and admire it. The artist, who had been the master of the movement, was intoxicated with his success; he turned his hands and head to nothing else but serpents: he made them of all sizes; they crawled about his shop as if he had been the

chief snake catcher to the furies: the public curiosity was satisfied with one serpent, and he had nests of them yet unsold; his stock lay dead upon his hands, his trade was lost, and the man was ruined, bankrupt, and undone.

—
Boswell.

Under Mr. Dilly's roof the biographer of Johnson, and the pleasant tourist to Corsica and the Hebrides, passed many jovial, joyous hours; here he has located some of the liveliest scenes and most brilliant passages in his entertaining anecdotes of his friend Samuel Johnson, who yet lives and speaks in him. The book of Boswell is, ever as the year comes round, my winter evening's entertainment. I loved the man; he had great convivial powers, and an inexhaustible fund of good humour in society. Nobody could detail the spirit of a conversation in the true style and character of the parties more happily than my friend James Boswell, especially when his vivacity was excited, and his heart exhilarated by the circulation of the glass, and the grateful odour of a well-broiled lobster.

—
Rogers.

I can visit the justly admired author of *The Pleasures of Memory*, and find myself with a friend, who, together with the brightest genius, possesses elegance of manners, and excellence of heart. He tells me he remembers the day of our first meeting at Mr. Dilly's: I also remember it, and, though his modest unassuming nature held back and shrunk from all appearances of ostentation and display of talents, yet even then I take credit for discovering a promise of good things to come, and suspected him of holding secret commerce with the muse before the proof appeared in shape of one of the most beautiful and harmonious poems in our language. I do

not say that he has not ornamented the age he lives in, though he were to stop where he is, but I hope he will not so totally deliver himself over to the Arts as to neglect the Muses; and I now publicly call upon Samuel Rogers to answer to his name, and stand forth in the title page of some future work that shall be in substance greater, in dignity of subject more sublime, and in purity of versification not less charming than his poem above-mentioned.

—
Lord G. Germaine.

The constitution of lord Sackville, long harassed by the painful visitation of that dreadful malady the stone, was decidedly giving way. There was in him so generous a repugnance against troubling his friends with any complaints, that it was from external evidence only, never from confession, that his sufferings could be guessed at. Attacks, that would have confined most people to their beds, never moved him from his habitual punctuality. It was curious, and probably in some men's eyes would from its extreme precision have appeared ridiculously minute and formal, yet in the movements of a domestic establishment so large as his, it had its uses and comforts, which his guests and family could not fail to partake of. As sure as the hand of the clock pointed to the half-hour after nine, neither a minute before nor a minute after, so sure did the good lord of the castle step into his breakfast room, accoutred at all points according to his own invariable costume, with a complacent countenance, that prefaced his good-morning to each person there assembled; and now, whilst I recal these scenes to my remembrance, I feel gratified by the reflection, that I never passed a night beneath his roof, but that his morning's salutation met me at my post. He allowed an hour and a half for breakfast, and regularly at eleven took his morning's circuit on horseback at a foot's-pace, for

his infirmity would not admit of any strong gestation; he had an old groom, who had grown grey in his service, that was his constant pilot upon these excursions, and his general custom was to make the tour of his cottages to reconnoitre the condition they were in, whether their roofs were in repair, their windows whole, and the gardens well cropped and neatly kept; all this it was their interest to be attentive to, for he bought the produce of their fruit-trees, and I have heard him say with great satisfaction that he has paid thirty shillings in a season for strawberries only to a poor cottager, who paid him one shilling annual rent for his tenement and garden; this was the constant rate, at which he let them to his labourers, and he made them pay it to his steward at his yearly audit, that they might feel themselves in the class of regular tenants, and sit down at table to the good cheer provided for them on the audit day. He never rode out without preparing himself with a store of six-pences in his waistcoat pocket for the children of the poor, who opened gates and drew out sliding bars for him in his passing through the enclosures: these barriers were well watched, and there was rarely any employment for a servant; but these six-pences were not indiscriminately bestowed, for as he kept a charity school upon his own endowment, he knew to whom he gave them, and generally held a short parley with the gate opener as he paid his toll for passing. Upon the very first report of illness or accident relief was instantly sent, and they were put upon the sick list, regularly visited, and constantly supplied with the best medicines administered upon the best advice. If the poor man lost his cow, or his pig, or his poultry, the loss was never made up in money, but in stock. It was his custom to buy the cast-off liveries of his own servants as constantly as the day of clothing came about, and these he distributed to the old and worn-out labourers, who turned out daily on the lawn and

paddock in the Sackville livery to pick up boughs and sweep up leaves, and in short do just as much work as served to keep them wholesome and alive.

To his religious duties this good man was not only regularly but respectfully attentive: on the Sunday morning he appeared in gala, as if he was dressed for a drawing-room; he marched out his whole family in grand cavalcade to his parish church, leaving only a sentinel to watch the fires at home, and mount guard upon the spits. His deportment in the house of prayer was exemplary, and more in character of times past than of time present; he had a way of standing up in sermon-time for the purpose of reviewing the congregation, and awing the idlers into decorum, that never failed to remind me of sir Roger de Coverley, at church: sometimes, when he has been struck with passages in the discourse, which he wished to point out to the audience as rules for moral practice worthy to be noticed, he would mark his approbation of them with such cheering nods and signals of assent to the preacher, as were often more than my muscles could withstand; but when, to the total overthrow of all gravity, in his zeal to encourage the efforts of a very young declaimer in the pulpit, I heard him cry out to the Reverend Mr. Henry Eatoff in the middle of his sermon—"Well done, Harry!" it was irresistible; suppression was out of my power: what made it more intolerably comic was, the unmoved sincerity of his manner, and his surprise to find that any thing had passed, that could provoke a laugh so out of time and place. He had nursed up with no small care and cost in each of his parish churches a corps of rustic psalm-singers, to whose performances he paid the greatest attention, rising up, and with his eyes directed to the singing gallery, marking time, which was not always rigidly adhered to; and once, when his ear, which was very correct, had been tortured by a tone more glaringly discordant,

he set his mark upon the culprit by calling out to him by name, and loudly saying, "Out of tune, Tom Baker!"—Now this faulty musician Tom Baker happened to be his lordship's butcher, but then, in order to set names and trades upon a par, Tom Butcher was his lordship's baker: which I observed to him was much such a reconciliation of cross partners as my illustrious friend George Faulkner hit upon, when in his Dublin Journal he printed—"Erratum in our last: For his grace the duchess of Dorset read her grace the duke of Dorset."

—
"Arundel" and "Henry."

My novel of *Arundel* in two volumes, was hastily put together whilst I was passing a few idle weeks at Brighthelmstone, where I had no books but such as a circulating novel-shop afforded. I dispatched that work so rapidly, sending it to the press by parcels, of which my first copy was the only one, that I really do not remember what moved me to the undertaking, nor how it came to pass that the *cacoethes scribendi nugæ* first got hold of me. Be this as it may, I am not about to affect a modesty which I do not feel, or to seek a shelter from the sin of writing ill, by acknowledging the folly of writing rapidly, for I believe that *Arundel* has entertained as many readers, and gained as good a character in the world as most heroes of his description, not excepting the immaculate sir Charles Grandison, in whose company I have never found myself without being puzzled to decide, whether I am most edified by his morality, or disgusted by his pedantry. *Arundel* perhaps, of all the children which my brain has given birth to, had the least care and pains bestowed upon his education, yet he is a gentleman, and has been received as such in the first circles; for though he takes the wrong side of the question in his argument with Mortlake upon duel-

ling, yet there is hardly one to be found, who thinks with Mortlake, but would be shamed out of society, if he did not act with Arundel. In the character of the countess of G., I confess I have set virtue upon ice; she slips, but does not fall; and if I have endowed the young ladies with a degree of sensibility, that might have exposed them to danger, I flatter myself I have taken the proper means of rescuing them from it by marrying them respectively to the men of their hearts.

The success, however, which by this novel I obtained without labour, determined me to write a second, on which I was resolved to bestow my utmost care and diligence. In this temper of mind I began to form to myself in idea what I conceived should be the model of a perfect novel; having, after much deliberation, settled and adjusted this to the best of my judgment, I decided for the novel in detail; rejecting the epistolary process, which I had pursued in *Arundel*, and also that in which the hero speaks throughout, and is his own biographer; though, in putting both these processes aside, I felt much more hesitation in the last-mentioned case than in the first.

Having taken Fielding's admirable novel of *Tom Jones* as my pattern in point of detail, I resolved to copy it also in its distribution into chapters and books, and to prefix prefatory numbers to the latter, to the composition of which I addressed my best attention. In some of these I have taken occasion to submit those rules for the construction of a novel, which I flattered myself might be of use to future writers in that line, less experienced than myself. How far I have succeeded is not for me to say, but if I have failed, I am without excuse, for I had this work in hand two full years, and gave more polish and correction to the style, than ever I bestowed upon any of my published works before. The following few rules which I laid down for my own guidance, and strictly observed, I still

persuade myself are such as ought to be observed by others.

I would have the story carried on in a regular, uninterrupted progression of events, without those dull recitals, that call the attention off from what is going on, and compel it to look back, perhaps in the very crisis of curiosity, to circumstances antecedent to, and not always materially connected with, the history in hand. I am decidedly adverse to episodes and stories within stories, like that of the Man of the Hill in *Tom Jones*; and in general all expedients of procrastination, which come under the description of mere tricks to torture curiosity, are in my opinion to be very sparingly resorted to, if not totally avoided. Casualties and broken bones, and faintings and high fevers, with ramblings of delirium and rhapsodies of nonsense, are perfectly contemptible. I think descriptive writing, properly so distinguished, is very apt to describe nothing, and that landscapes upon paper leave no picture in the mind, and only load the page with daubings, that in the author's fancy may be sketches after nature, but to the reader's eye offer nothing but confusion. A novel, professing itself to be the delineation of men and women as they are in nature, should in general confine itself to the relation of things probable, and though in skilful hands it may be made to touch upon things barely possible, the seldomer it risks those experiments, the better opinion I should form of the contriver's conduct: I do not think quotations ornament it, and poetry must be extremely good before I can allow it is of any use to it. In short there should be authorities in nature for every thing that is introduced, and the only case I can recollect in which the creator of the fictitious man may and ought to differ from the biographer of the real man is, that the former is bound to deal out his rewards to the virtuous and punishments to the vicious, whilst the latter has no choice but to ad-

here to the truth of facts, and leave his hero neither worse nor better than he found him.

Monsters of cruelty and crime, Monks and Zelucos, horrors and thunderings and ghosts, are creatures of another region, tools appropriated to another trade, and are only to be handled by dealers in old castles and manufacturers of romances.

As the tragic drama may be not improperly described as *an epic poem of compressed action*, so I think we may call the novel a *dilated comedy*; though Henry Fielding, who was pre-eminently happy in the one, was not equally so in the other: *non omnia possumus omnes*. If the readers of *Henry* have agreed with me in the principles laid down in those prefatory chapters, and here again briefly touched upon, I flatter myself they found a novel conducted throughout on those very principles, and which in no one instance does a violence to nature, or resorts to forced and improbable expedients to excite surprise; I flatter myself they found a story regularly progressive, without any of those retrogradations or counter-marches, which break the line, and discompose the arrangement of the fable: I hope they found me duly careful to keep the principal characters in sight, and above all, if I devoted myself *con amore* to the delineation of *Zachary Cawdle*, and in a more particular manner to the best services I could perform for the good *Ezekiel Daw*, I warmly hope they did not think my partiality quite misapplied, or my *labour of love* entirely thrown away.

If, in my zeal to exhibit virtue triumphant over the most tempting allurements, I have painted those allurements in too vivid colours, I am sorry, and ask pardon of all those who thought the moral did not heal the mischief.

—
Junius.

I consider *Tristram Shandy* as the most eccentric work of my time,
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and *Junius* the most acrimonious. We have heard much of his style; I have just been reading him over with attention, and I confess I can see but little to admire. The thing to wonder at is, that a secret, to which several must have been privy, has been so strictly kept; if sir William Draper, who baffled him in some of his assertions, had kept his name out of sight, I am inclined to think he might have held up the cause of candour with success. The publisher of *Junius* I am told was deeply guaranteed; of course, although he might not know his author, he must have known whereabouts to look for him. I never heard that my friend lord G. Germaine was amongst the suspected authors, till by way of jest he told me so not many days before his death: I did not want him to disavow it, for there could be no occasion to disprove an absolute impossibility. The man who wrote it had a savage heart, for some of his attacks are execrable; he was a hypocrite, for he disavows private motives, and makes pretensions to a patriotic spirit. I can perfectly call to mind the general effect of his letters, and am of opinion that his malice overshot its mark. Let the anonymous defamer be as successful as he may, it is but an unenviable triumph, a mean and cowardly gratification, which his dread of a discovery forbids him to avow.

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For the Literary Magazine.

TURKISH ANECDOTES.

IN the funeral of a mussulman, one part of the ceremony is singular enough. As soon as the grave is filled up, each friend plants a sprig of cypress on the right, and another on the left hand of the deceased. It is understood, it seems, that should the sprigs on the right hand grow, the deceased will enjoy the happiness promised by Mahomet to all true believers; but should those on the

opposite side flourish, he will for ever be excluded from tasting bliss in the arms of the *houris*. If both succeed he will be greatly favoured in the next world; and if both fail he will be tormented by black angels, till he shall be rescued from them by the mediation of the prophet. These opinions of the Turkish rustics are not those which generally prevailed amongst mussulmen, but merely show, that vulgar and local prejudices are not confined to the ignorant and superstitious of any particular country. Similar effects have been produced in all, by the fears, apprehensions, and confused notions which have been entertained of a future life.

Several officers of state were lately convened at Constantinople, to examine a beautiful manuscript copy of the Koran, which general Morrison had brought from India to present to the sultan. After the most enthusiastic encomiums had been bestowed upon the manuscript, an old emir clasped his hands in a sort of agony, and exclaimed, "Alas! alas! how unfortunate! This magnificent copy of the never-to-be-sufficiently admired law of our sacred prophet is not orthodox—it is the work of a secretary of Ali!" This unlucky discovery filled the whole assembly with regret and consternation.

For the Literary Magazine.

STATE OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

THE Turkish empire at present exhibits a singular appearance. At a distance, it may seem a mighty and even solid structure; but, when closely examined, it only excites astonishment by not falling immediately to pieces.

In the mahometan system of policy, we may trace three æras. The *first* was of that kind usually de-

nominated a theocracy, continued during the life of the prophet himself, who, like Moses and Joshua, appeared in the double character of a military chief and an inspired legislator; the *second* lasted while the Saracen caliphs held in their hands both the spiritual and temporal authority; and the *third* is marked by the separation of these, since the concerns of religion have been trusted to the ulemah, of whom the mufti is the chief. Another revolution has taken place, scarcely less important, in the military system, and especially in the character of the janissaries. In two great points the present emperor stands in a different position from the ancient sultans, even with respect to his own capital. *First*, he can issue no edict contrary to the Koran; and the ulemah, now the sole interpreters of that book, must sanction every law by the authority of their *fetrah*, before it can bind the people. The sultan is even compelled to submit to the inspection of their leading men, not only all his negotiations with other courts, but all the secrets of his cabinet. His sole defence against the encroachments of this body, consists in his remaining right to depose the mufti: but, though he can thus intimidate their chief, and gain over some of their leaders by promises of promotion, the *esprit du corps* acts frequently and successfully in opposition to his will. His own ministers take advantage of this, and often coalesce with the ulemah, in order to defeat the cabals continually carrying on against them in the seraglio. There, every favourite has a party, and every minister a protector. But the sultan is kept in awe by the ulemah; nor dares he rashly to chuse men for his counselors, who are not agreeable to them. Hence his power is really limited; hence, too, he naturally endeavours to throw the chief responsibility on his ministers, and is more easily induced to remain inactive himself. The consequences of this may be clearly seen in a country, where the

public voice is nothing ; where each individual grasps at power and wealth, without any other consideration ; and where pride, prejudice, ignorance, and bigotry abhor every improvement. *Secondly*, The debasement of the janizaries, by the introduction of the vilest vagabonds of the community into their bands, and by their long cessation from warlike enterprizes, has diminished considerably the power of the sultan, as the sovereign of a vast empire ; though it has, perhaps, contributed to his own personal security, by effectually damping that spirit of revolt which had proved fatal to so many of his predecessors.

The Turkish provinces are some of the fairest, and have been some of the happiest and most enlightened regions of the earth. Greece, Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, Arabia, recal a thousand pleasing recollections, which can no longer be associated with them in their present state of barbarism, slavery, and degradation.

The Turkish empire has been compared with Europe in the feudal times, and the bashawlicks likened to those great fiefs which were held by feudal tenures. Some resemblance may exist ; but there are essential differences. The bashaws of Bagdad, Damascus, Aleppo, Albania, and the Morea, admit the nominal sovereignty of the sultan as the lords of Guienne and Burgundy paid homage to their liege the king of France. But the kings of France knew well, that by a prudent policy these provinces might revert to the crown ; intermarriages might be made ; wars between the great barons might be fomented, by which they would be mutually weakened ; and, finally, the extinction of families promised sooner or later to give real or pretended rights to the sovereign to assume dominion over the estates of his vassals.

In Turkey, the governor is generally the most powerful man of the province, who reigns in the name of the sultan, without asking his leave. If it be worth while, he sends presents

to the porte, and readily swears allegiance to a master, the shadow of whose authority he may sometimes think it convenient to acknowledge. Even this submission is made rather from the prejudices of religion, than from any other motive ; and Selim continues to be respected as caliph, where he has long ceased to be feared as sultan.

According to the law of Turkey, the wealth of every individual ought, at his death, to revert to the sultan. It would be useless to expatiate on the folly and injustice of such a law. That artifices should be employed to elude it, can be a subject of no surprise ; and that they should succeed, can be a subject of no regret, except to the despot and his creatures, who require so unjust a sacrifice. The usual means of evading the claims of the sultan are sufficiently indicative of the hypocrisy and the bigotry of the Turks. All donations for pious purposes, such as the maintenance of mosques and hospitals, are considered as sacred. When the father of a family wishes to provide for his children after his demise, he makes over the bulk of his fortune to some religious or charitable establishment. A person is nominated to receive the appropriated sum, and another to account with the receiver for its application. But the donor has the right to appoint both these persons, and he of course takes care that they shall be the very individuals to whom he wishes to leave his estates. The ulemah probably receive a sufficient profit to induce them to wink at the deceit, which, by being very general, necessarily enriches them.

For the Literary Magazine.

ACCOUNT OF A NEW SECT IN
ARABIA.

IT is now more than half a century, since Abdul Wahab began to promulgate a new creed in Arabia.

His first doctrines probably extended no farther than to his own peculiar interpretations of the Koran; and his disciples were confined for several years to a few tribes of the desert. By degrees, however, his opinions became more widely spread; his heresies were easily adopted by the illiterate robbers, whom they encouraged with the hopes of conquest and of pillage; and as he found new followers continually flocking to his standard, his enthusiasm grew more enterprising, and his ambition more daring. The design of re-forming the old religion of his country seems to have given place in his mind to that of establishing a new one; while the plunder of pilgrims and caravans, of mosques and cities, fed at once the zeal and the avarice of his disciples. There was, however, for his own purposes at least, no want either of genius or of knowledge in Abdul. Of the first he had enough to plan with wisdom, and to execute with firmness, his schemes for changing the religion of his country; and of the second he possessed a portion fully adequate to convince the Arabs that he best could explain the ordinances of Heaven.

But though the doctrines of the new sect had infected some of the principal hordes, and had many secret partizans throughout Arabia, yet it is only within a few years that the Wahabees appeared in arms against the standard of Mahomet, and the authority of the sultan. When, at last, Abdul found his influence so extensive, and his followers so numerous, as to secure to him the attachment of the greater number of the tribes of the desert, he boldly proclaimed himself the reformer of those baneful innovations, which, he pretended, had destroyed the true and genuine character of Islamism. In the year 1803 he advanced with a numerous army against Mecca, took possession of that city, plundered the mosques, and massacred the inhabitants. The Ottoman armies were unable to resist his progress; and he was already advancing to Medina, when the

plague and the small-pox broke out in his army, and forced him to retreat with his booty into the desert. It was during his stay at Mecca that he wrote a letter to the sultan, reminding him, that the dignity of caliph only remained to him while the holy city was protected by him; and that its conquerors now required him to renounce the title of commander of the faithful, which devolved by right upon him to whom God had given the victory.

The success of the Wahabees occasioned the utmost consternation at Constantinople, especially among the ulema; for the full extent of the danger was carefully concealed from the people. No devout Turk could, indeed, be expected to hear without horror of the profanation of that most sacred place which gave birth to the prophet, and which is sanctified in the belief of every true musulman. It was besides a subject of great alarm to the government, that the authority of the sultan as caliph might be questioned, since he can retain that awful name only while he is master of Mecca and Medina. Nor was this alarm lessened, when the Turkish ministers began to make more exact inquiries into the nature and progress of the evil. Almost all Arabia had openly adopted the religion of Abdel; it had many secret proselytes in Syria and Anatolia, at Damascus, Aleppo, and Smyrna; and on the borders of the empire, the bashaw of Bagdad trembled more at the real power of the Wahabees, than at the menaces of the sultan. Peremptory orders were issued to the bashaws of Asia to unite their forces against the rebels. Some of these governors were displaced, to make room for others more zealous in their attachment to the porte; but even these required to be instigated by promises of yet greater rewards, before they could be induced to act with vigour in a cause which involved the existence of their religion, and the honour of their sovereign. The Turkish army advanced by slow marches to Mecca, where Abdul

had left a garrison of five hundred men. The recapture of the holy city was soon accomplished; the triumph of the faithful was celebrated at Constantinople; and the Turkish government recalled its troops, and sunk back into its accustomed tranquillity.

The immediate followers of Abdul were chiefly robbers, who were inured to hardship, and who fled for refuge to the desert, whenever they were defeated in their predatory excursions. The greater part of that numerous army which he led against Mecca had been collected from the various hordes that wander with their flocks and camels over Arabia. He had never been at the head of any regular force. The *banditti*, who flocked to his standard, were attracted by the hopes of plunder; and though impelled by religious enthusiasm, they were easily dispersed by the first appearance of disaster. But they knew they could enjoy their spoils without fear of punishment at home; and when the same inducements tempted them to renew their depredations, even the sluggish divan itself might have foreseen the consequences.

The timid, but cruel, policy of the Turks has never been exhibited in more striking colours than in their late conduct towards the Wahabees, with whom they concluded what was known, perhaps, on both sides, to be a treacherous peace. Instead of establishing a sufficient force for the protection of Mecca and Medina, they employed a fanatic to assassinate the aged Abdul. His death, it is said, has been lately avenged by the recapture of Mecca, and the pillage of Medina; and his place has been supplied by his son, a man still in the prime of life, as active, powerful, and ambitious as his father.

The Wahabees assert, it is said, the unity of the Deity; they hold him to be immaterial, eternal, and omnipotent; and in their addresses to the Supreme Being, they are fervent and devout. According to them, God has never dictated any written code of laws to men; nor has he

made any particular revelation of himself. His existence, they think, is sufficiently manifested in his works. His will cannot be mistaken, since he has implanted the distinct perception of right and wrong in the human mind, together with the conviction that virtue alone can be agreeable to the Author of Nature. They do not deny, however, that Providence has occasionally interfered in the concerns of mortals in an extraordinary manner; and that it has chosen its instruments to promote the cause of truth, to reward the good, and to punish the guilty.

Some men, they pretend, such as Mahomet and Abdul, have been distinguished by the peculiar favour of Heaven. During their lives, the laws and ordinances of these men ought to be obeyed, and their persons venerated. Their authority, however, should cease with their lives; for the plans of Providence will then be furthered by other means, and with other instruments.

It is easy to see that ambition, not less than enthusiasm, dictated his religious creed to the crafty Abdul. As far as his theism goes, it is, perhaps, more sublime than could have been expected from an Arab of the desert; but his pretensions to govern the minds and actions of his countrymen, under the special authority of Heaven, betrayed the impostor in the teacher, and the rebel in the reformer. In limiting those pretensions to the period of his life, he probably lost nothing for which he cared; while he assailed the Mahometan faith without endangering his own immediate power. Unfortunately for the cause of humanity, Abdul appears to have had as little tolerance as Mahomet. His sword was stained with the blood of innumerable victims, and whole cities and districts have been desolated by his persecutions.

It has been said that some of the ulemah undertook, with more zeal than prudence, to reclaim the apostates by argument. How their discussions were carried on, it would be difficult to guess.

The moslem, it may be supposed, would insist on the direct evidence which the witnesses of the life and actions of Mahomet possessed of his divine commission, and on the firm establishment and wide diffusion of the faith, in spite of the mighty and numerous obstacles which the prophet and his immediate followers had to encounter.

The Wahabees would probably assert their better right to be heard, as direct witnesses of the frequent interpositions of Heaven in favour of Abdul, who had introduced the new doctrines under difficulties and dangers unprecedented in the religious revolutions of the east. The religion of Mahomet, they might say, is a partial religion, which was not intended for us. How can we perform ablutions, when we have no water? How can we give alms, when we have no riches? Or what occasion can there be to fast during the month of Ramadan, when we fast all the year? The result of these disputes was such as might be expected. Intolerant bigotry on one side, and fanatical enthusiasm on the other, would shut the ears of both parties to reason; and no appeal would lye from the prejudices of either, but to the sabre and the musket. The appeal to arms has indeed been made. The throne of the sultan is already shaken in Europe. Who can doubt that the propagation of the new faith will rapidly accelerate the dissolution of his power in Asia?

For the Literary Magazine.

SKETCH OF THE PRESENT COMMERCIAL STATE OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

THE progress which Russia is destined to make among the nations cannot fail to interest the philosophical observer; and there is something extremely grand in the prospective view of her commercial and political advancement. If Rus-

sia only attains one third of the population commonly possessed by countries equally well situated, she will still reckon a hundred and twenty-five millions of inhabitants; and there is reason to think that this multiplication is going on with considerable rapidity. Tooke estimates the whole population of the empire at thirty-six millions; but it may now be carried, without exaggeration, to forty millions.

The growing prosperity of this empire is materially assisted by the systematic efforts of the government to facilitate commercial intercourse between all its parts. Canals are made, from time to time, to connect the numerous rivers which fall into the seas at its extremities. Thus the Beresinsky and Oginsky canals open an easy communication between the ports of the Baltic and those of the Euxine; and the canal of Vishney Volotoshok connects the Gulf of Finland with the distant harbours of the Caspian.

Some notion of the increasing industry of Russia may be formed, by comparing the number of vessels of all kinds that passed through this famous canal, which joins the Neva and Wolga, in the years 1787 and 1797. In the former, the number was 2914 barks, 357 half barks, 178 boats, and 1984 floats, paying 24,689 rubles of toll or duty; in the latter, 3958 barks, 382 half barks, 248 boats, and 1676 floats, paying 34,192 rubles.

The exports consist chiefly of iron, wood, hemp, and flax, both raw and manufactured; tallow, and grain. The exportation of wood was some years ago prohibited, on account of the great waste in the forests; but it has again been permitted, under certain restrictions. By adopting proper regulations for the management of the forests, this article might be rendered one of the most productive and permanent staples of Russian commerce. Hemp and flax, and their products, constitute, at present, the most important part of the annual exports. The value of these exported in 1802 amount-

ed to 21,176,432 rubles. Agriculture is rapidly advancing; for, in 1793, the value of grain exported was only 3,121,597 rubles; whereas, in 1802, it had increased to 11,496,245.

Archangel was the chief place of trade, till Peter the great created a new city, which produced a complete revolution in the commerce of the north. Three parts of the whole trade of the empire is now carried on in the Baltic. Petersburg, or Cronstadt and Riga, are the principal ports in this sea; but there are several others which share the benefits of that commercial spirit so assiduously encouraged by the government. In the Black Sea, Odessa has, by the unremitted exertions of the government, become a place of considerable importance, and bids fair to rival, in time, the most flourishing marts of the Baltic. The trade of the Baltic is destined to undergo, at no distant period, a revolution similar to that which took place in the trade of the White Sea after the building of Petersburg. At present, however, the foreign trade of Russia in this sea is nearly confined to the provinces of the Turkish empire, from which considerable importations are annually made.

Immense advantages are derived from her intercourse with Britain, her sales to which are nearly equal to all her other sales put together. Notwithstanding all this, there is a strong jealousy entertained by that power, of British naval superiority, and a manifest desire on her part to underrate the value of the connexion. Hence it follows, that the government is much in the dark regarding the true interests of the country; for it cannot be doubted that her commerce is nourished and upheld by the preponderance of the British navy. What else is it that brings the peculiar articles of Russian produce into demand? What would become of the trade in these articles, and of the industry that ministers to it, were the maritime

power of Britain reduced to a level with that of other states?

The possessions of Prussia extend nearly four hundred miles along the southern coasts of the Baltic, embracing several fine rivers and convenient harbours. It is partly through these that the British manufactures and colonial productions are now conveyed to the interior of the continent. The rivers communicating with Koningsberg open a safe inland navigation, even to the Black Sea. Through this channel the British Turkey trade may be safely carried on, and at a cheaper rate, than by the Mediterranean. Riga, however, in the dominions of Russia, possesses greater facilities for this branch of trade; for the goods shipped there get much sooner into the current of the Dnieper, which conveys them straight to Odessa. Stettin on the Oder affords another wide channel for British commerce with the continent. This fine river runs through a great part of the north of Germany, and there are several canals which connect it with the Elbe and other rivers. While the trade by the Elbe and Weser is interrupted, Stettin is one of the most convenient and extensive inlets for British merchandize.

Dantzic is the chief grain market of the north. A late traveller (Mr. Carr) estimates the amount of all the grain exported from this place, in the year 1803, at 34,149 lasts, each containing eighty-four Winchester bushels. But in a later traveller's tables (Mr. Oddy's) for the same year, the amount is stated at 68,278 lasts, each rated at eighty-six bushels. This wide variation serves to show with what caution such statements ought always to be received.

All kind of grain conveyed to Dantzic, but particularly that from a great distance, is brought down in vessels, or rather floats, clumsily put together, of different dimensions and descriptions, according to the rivers or places they are first sent

from ; and, what will appear very extraordinary, without any covering whatever. In this state, uncovered and unprotected, it is brought from the most remote parts, exposed to all sorts of weather, sometimes six, seven, eight, nine, or even ten weeks on its passage. If the season happens to be wet, the grain is piled in the vessel or float, with a ridge to shoot off the wet, which, continuing some time, the surface becomes one coat of vegetative matter, like a green grass-plat, floating down the current, and which partly prevents the rain penetrating farther than a few inches. The waste and loss, however, must be incredible in wet seasons, and even otherwise ; for the feathered tribe, as the float proceeds along, are their constant customers, even into the very city of Dantzic. Strange as this may appear, these people have never yet been prevailed on to have tarpaulings, or any covering, which would, in a wet season, doubly repay them for the first cost.

The warehouses are on an excellent plan, situated on an island formed by the river Mottlau, running close by the city on one side, and another branch by what is called the Forestadt on the other. There are three bridges on each side of the island, at the end of streets over it from the city to the Forestadt. In the night all the bridges are drawn up, excepting the two at the end of the main street, across the centre of the island, communicating betwixt the old city and the Forestadt. To guard those warehouses are from twenty to thirty ferocious dogs of a large size, amongst which are blood-hounds, let loose at eleven o'clock at night. To command, and to keep the dogs within their districts, as well as the passengers from harm, at the end of each of the streets leading to the main one are large high gates run across : no light is allowed, nor any person suffered to live on this island. The dogs prowl about the whole night, and create great terror.

Prussia, by the extensive range of coast she has acquired, has certainly the means of obtaining a large share of the Baltic trade. But she has not yet learned the rudiments of that science on which commercial prosperity depends. The narrow notions of Frederic, whose genius, splendid as it was in negotiation and war, never embraced any of the great principles of commercial policy, are still cherished at Berlin.

The dutchy of Mecklenburg, on account of its high cultivation, and the quantity of grain it exports, may be called the Egypt of the north. The imperial city of Lubec is situated in this dutchy ; and as it has an easy communication with the North Sea by means of the Holstein canal, and with the Elbe by that of Stecknitz, it is, at present, a place of great commercial importance.

Sweden has made slow progress in the career of improvement. One great cause of her backward state is the unfavourableness of the climate for the growth of grain. This is so great, that there are scarcely three ripe crops in the space of ten years. She has, however, considerable resources in wood and iron, and in the fisheries. The Swedish iron is well known to be excellent ; there are at present about five hundred founderies in employment, and the annual produce is about 53,330 English tons. Britain, every where the great encourager of industry, takes more than half of the whole quantity exported.

It has long been a favourite project with the Swedish monarchs to open a passage through that country, between the North Sea and the Baltic. This plan, worthy of Rome in the plenitude of her power, was originally conceived by Gustavus Vasa. Considerable progress has been made in it ; and though there are still great obstacles in the way, they are far from insurmountable. The completion of this grand undertaking would contribute much to the internal improvement of Sweden, and, through her, afford the other

nations of Europe a good passage into the Baltic, besides the Sound and the Belts.

Tonningen, which was scarcely known beyond the Danish dominions, till the policy of Bonaparte had driven commerce from its natural channels, is now become the focus of commercial intercourse between England and the continent. It maintains a great trade with different places on the Elbe, and particularly with Ham-burgh, having become the port of that city since its blockade. Denmark has, in several respects, been a gainer by the wars in which the other nations of Europe are or have been lately engaged. In times of peace she is computed to gain nearly four millions of rix-dollars by the carrying trade; but the war has given her an almost exclusive possession of that branch of industry, besides enabling her to prosecute the fishing trade without competition. Exclusive of the home consumption, and the transport by land from Norway to Sweden, there was exported, in 1802, no less than 411 cargoes, containing about 26,500 tons of fish. The exportation had increased from 256 cargoes to this amount between 1799 and 1802.

The progress of Denmark has not nearly kept pace with the advantages of her situation. Her people are slow to invent, and as slow to imitate, and have not yet acquired that true commercial spirit which generates universal activity and emulation, and carries nations forward by rapid movements in the career of wealth and power. In the commerce of the Baltic, the share of Great Britain amounts, exclusive of grain, to at least two-thirds of the whole: a strong proof of the interest all these nations have in the permanent prosperity of that country. As the articles sold consist entirely of native productions, the trade is certainly most advantageous to them.

The Ems, being under the protection of Prussia, is still open to Britain; and short as its course is, the

British goods which come into it find their way, through every intervening obstacle, even to Italy. It is curious to find that, by this channel, some of the indigo exported from England goes even to France, to dye cloth for the armies of the great enemy of British industry. So indispensable is British commerce!

It is matter of no small astonishment that Great Britain, so celebrated for political wisdom and commercial prudence, which has risen to power and consequence in the world chiefly by maritime strength, should have neglected procuring within herself a great part of her naval stores, the very sinews of her power, particularly after the many salutary admonitions at an early period*, and the attempt at monopoly by foreign powers, the armed neutrality in 1780, and the confederacy of the north in 1800. Britain makes herself dependent on these nations for the very articles on which her existence depends, and neglects all her own resources.

No scheme for the extension of British fisheries will be effectual that does not enable poor people to enter into that trade. Bounties are of no use; for they do not enable any one, who has not the means otherwise, to undertake fishing. Boats and tackle should be provided at the fishing stations, and hired out for a sum just sufficient to pay interest, tear, and wear, under the direction of the ministers and elders in the Scots parishes, and by the superintendants of the poor in England.

Britain above all things should attend to the cultivation of timber at home, and even compulsory measures for that purpose should be used. Meantime the timber trade might be advantageously transferred to their North American plantations. The forests there contain

* The Swedes, in 1703, refused to let England have pitch and tar, unless received in their own ships, at their own price.

abundance of excellent timber, which can be brought to England a great deal cheaper than from the Baltic, with the additional national benefit of employing double the number of seamen, and double the tonnage of shipping.

Great advantages would accrue to the British empire at large, but particularly to Ireland, from a more extended cultivation of hemp and flax. The peasantry of Ireland are in a worse situation than the peasantry of any country in Europe; and this in the midst of greater resources than most of them enjoy. By affording every possible encouragement to this species of culture, for which the soil and climate are peculiarly adapted, the condition of this misguided people might be materially improved. With regard to the bounty, it would be a more effective if paid, not when the flax or hemp is brought to a marketable state, but when the ground is sown; for in this way the cultivator would be remunerated, though his crop should not succeed.

The vast importations the British are obliged to make, while they neglect so many millions of acres susceptible of cultivation in their own island, is a circumstance altogether unaccountable. It is much easier, however, to unfold the extent of this evil, than to indicate a remedy. As to the corn bounties, it is easy to prove that they are altogether nugatory and impolitic. A conviction of the inutility of these paltry expedients may, in time, lead to measures of greater efficacy in this important branch of economical administration. Meantime, some scheme for making England an *entrepôt* for grain merits the attention of those whose duty it is to strengthen that empire, by such seasonable and politic expedients as are suggested by the circumstances of the times.

Nature has formed this island an impregnable emporium, where all the world, but particularly those who are driven from the trade of Holland and Hamburgh, would readily fly, if they could be sure of a

courteous reception. Situated as it is between the Baltic and the southern parts of Europe, and likewise for the trade between Europe and America, Britain should become the magazine of the universe.

All foreign grain should be allowed importation, at all times, under the king's lock, on the principle of an *entrepôt*, where it might wait the pleasure of the owner for a market. England is better situated for it than Holland was; if any demand should be made from the southern markets, ships can get out of their ports at all seasons of the year, which is not the case in Holland.

Were such a principle adopted, the corn dealers in the north of Europe, and those who have long been in the trade in other quarters, would cheerfully avail themselves of it. Considerable supplies of grain would be sent to such an *entrepôt* from America. Great numbers of American merchants, and they are mostly bold and enterprising, would at once send their produce here for a market, and take manufactures in return.

From foreign grain being stored in this manner would arise a certain advantage. If, while the waste lands of Britain are getting into cultivation, any failure of crops should take place, the stock in hand might be brought into the market by the regulations of some judicious act. Monopoly would not exist in the face of a large unknown stock; and if the price advanced under these circumstances, it would rise from an actual deficiency in the country, to supply which there would then always be a stock in store: for want of such a stock, prices frequently rapidly advance, and the advance is anticipated abroad; so that it costs enormous prices unnecessarily created.

For the Literary Magazine.

TOTAL ECLIPSE.

THE following interesting account of the late total eclipse, with its ef-

fects upon the imagination of the Indians, is taken from a letter, published in an eastern gazette, from Mr. Griswald, of Detroit, to Mr. Gardiner, of Walpole, New Hampshire.

For several months, this anticipated phenomenon was a subject of inquiry with the Indians, as many stories had been told them, partly by ignorant and partly by designing persons, of terrible things which would accompany that event. The troubled aspect of our national affairs with foreign powers at that period facilitated the propagation of visionary and awful predictions. Hundreds came to me to consult on the subject of the eclipse, and its threatened accompaniments and consequences: some large parties came in from a distance on purpose to inquire on this subject. They knew that white people could foretell eclipses, and supposed we must be able too to predict the attendant circumstances of wind and weather, and every effect upon the earth. Most of them believe this faculty is given to white people by the Great Spirit, which he has thought proper to deny to Indians, and appear to have little notion that it depends upon calculations upon natural principles.

It has long (perhaps always) been a general sentiment of Indians, that an eclipse, particularly of the sun, is an expression, or rather token, of the anger of the Great Spirit, and the degree of his anger is indicated by the magnitude of the eclipse. The expectation of a *total eclipse*, therefore, was sufficient to prepare them for the reception of every extravagant tale and direful prognostication. Among other ideas, that of *war, bloody war*, naturally occurred, and was easily fomented, in conjunction with their existing circumstances. It was not difficult for a designing person of influence among them to point out to their satisfaction *how* and *where* this calamity was to take place, and *whose* blood must be shed. It is said, the Indians defeated general Harmer on the day of an eclipse, and have since entertained a persuasion that such

a phenomenon is peculiarly unfortunate for *Americans*, and sufficient to ensure success to *Indians*, if they strike on that day; and it was generally reported, a short time previous to the late eclipse, that an attack under its auspices was agreed to be made upon this and other American posts in this quarter.

Besides that of *war*, the minds of the Indians were filled with other terrific anticipations. Some whole villages appeared impressed, that the darkness would be equal to that of the darkest night, and would continue for months, and many imagined it would be a *dark year*. They expected the sun would be put out for that space of time, that vegetables and animals would perish, together with most Indians who lived on the casual produce of the chase. But the more general expectation was, that it would be only a dark day, or, as they expressed it, a night day. And they supposed the day would be productive of the most dreadful storms of wind, hail, and other elementary concussions beyond the power of man to describe. I found but one Indian, out of some hundreds that came in from the wilderness, who appeared to possess any just conceptions of the expected phenomenon. It was the son of an intelligent chief, now dead, who declared that he had no fears, for he believed he had seen such a thing, when a boy, and his father taught him it was caused by the *night-sun* (their term for the moon) getting over the *day-sun*, and thus stopping its light for a short time.

Seeing the general attention of the Indians thus excited, and wishing to allay their painful apprehensions, as well as prevent any possible consequences of a serious nature, I thought it my duty to instruct them as far as they were capable of understanding into the cause and nature of an eclipse, told them the day and precise time of day it would happen, its duration, appearance, &c., and as to the dreadful accompaniments of storm and wind, I discountenanced such an expectation, though something of the kind might

take place as on other days, but assured them they would survive it, and expressed my hope of seeing a clear sky on that day, that I might behold the phenomenon in all its grandeur, and the stars in their glory surrounding it. They were thankful for these assurances, and some took encouragement, while others remained fearful and perplexed.

The eclipse made its appearance under every favourable circumstance that could be wished, and agreeable to all I had told the Indians. The day was remarkably fine, without a cloud or a gust of wind. It commenced here about an hour earlier than the calculations at New York and Albany. The disk of the sun was completely covered for the space of three minutes, the stars appeared very brilliant within the compass of the eclipse's shadow on every side of the sun's place, the greatest obscuration was equal to that of the clearest star-light evening, the brutes and the fowls gave signs that they thought it night, and were retiring to repose, when they were recalled by the bursting forth of the light. Its effects upon the Indians were different; those whom I saw during the greatest darkness, appeared thoughtful, but held their courage. Others, I was told, ran up and down with agitation. Some fell on their knees and prayed; while a few wrapped themselves in their blankets, and lay down to die. After it was seen to pass off without harm, and the day proceed as usual, all took courage, and became very social. By the evening many were ready to be drunk. A general muster of the militia had been ordered on that day, which was well attended, and had a good effect. Governor Hull had arrived in season to take the field.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

THE pursuit of happiness has engaged the meditations of philosophers, and the ardent wishes of all

mankind. Every country, age, and sex has professed to seek happiness. So many have thought upon this subject; so many have proposed rules to govern the pursuit; so many have sought, and so few will acknowledge that they have attained happiness, that it might appear vain and useless to continue the inquiry, or to attempt to aid the exertion. Happiness, however, remains as important, and, to many, as unfixed, as ever. It still continues to be the wish of every heart, the object of every mind.

Wherefore, it may be asked, is our attention now drawn anew to this exhausted subject, this uncertain object? Why are we again led to meditate on human happiness; to form which there is no sure *recipe*; to attain which there is no certain mode; to secure and preserve which there is no effectual method, no certain plan?

There are few subjects on which we do not approach nearer to the right issue by a comparison with those which are in any degree similar, by a calm observation of circumstances, and a cheerful use of our unbiassed understandings. Let us make an experiment of the efficacy of these means in our present inquiry after happiness. They always assist us in other pursuits.

In the prime of our lives, in the high noon of our days, when we endeavour to obtain some interesting single object; such as a comfortable dwelling, the means of family expences, or a valuable connection, we remember that our continuance here is, on a medium, a little more than thirty years*, and that it is extended, in many cases, to fifty, sixty, eighty, ninety, and a hundred years. We therefore consider it as an unsatisfactory tenure, if we cannot possess our habitation, our income, or our connection *beyond the passing year*. We strenuously and indeed wisely exert ourselves to secure those comforts and blessings *for life*,

* Thirty-three years are said to be the medium of human life.

for the whole period through which we can possess and enjoy them. Happiness, Duty, and Prudence are all consulted in such exertions. *And here we find a light to open on the road of man towards genuine, and substantial, and permanent happiness.* In order to attain and secure it, we must be duly aware of the all-important and certain truth, that our lives are not confined to the medium of thirty-three years; nor yet to fifty, nor to a hundred years, but that they are extended through an endless series of innumerable ages, in the scene beyond the tomb. We must not, therefore, confine our attention to necessities, comforts, and blessings for a single year, nor for this little portion of terrestrial existence, even at the longest term: but we must take good care to provide those necessities, those comforts, and those blessings, that will wear beyond time, and endure with eternity. Let not the gay inquirer for the road to happiness fly from this as gloomy; or even as too grave, or as serious overmuch, for it is surely a cause to rejoice, and be glad at heart, that we can extend our happiness far beyond this little span of human life; and that whatever may be our difficulties, our evils, and our sorrows here, we can have true and abundant joys hereafter. If it be reasonable and prudent to provide comforts and pleasures for the current year, and for the course and evening of this life, it must certainly appear to be perfectly irrational, and imprudent in the extreme, entirely to neglect all thought, all provision for the innumerable ages of the next great stage of our existence. It would be little short of phrenzy for one, who had only arrived at manhood, to spend a good estate in a single day, and thus to cast away all thoughts, to omit all provision for the rest of this life, short and transient as it is. So is it surely far more than insanity to devote all our time, all our cares, and all our talents and exertions, to a bare provision for our short terrestrial existence (which is less than

a day compared with the life to come), and entirely to neglect preparation for the countless ages of our future continuance in being. On our sure and certain arrival on the farther margin of the river of life, we ought not to be found without house or home, or stock of any thing to carry us on through those eternal centuries, whose number is without end.

It follows, then, with a plainness and certainty which a child must perceive, and the runner cannot fail to read, that a constant and daily care cheerfully and abundantly to provide for the world to come should mix itself with all our concerns, should engage a portion of all our days, and should always have a place in our hearts and minds. The effect of such a course of feeling, reflection, and conduct would heighten the sweets of all our pleasures, lessen our greatest difficulties, and allay our deepest sorrows here below. It would dissipate all our little vexations, and would banish despair, by the great and alluring prospect beyond the grave.

As the subject before us has naturally expanded itself into a plan of happiness for *the whole term of the existence of man*, embracing his life in the two worlds, it may be well that we should now consider the duties of the earlier and terrestrial stage of our being.

Well governed attachments to himself, to his family, to his neighbours, to his country, and to all mankind (mixed ever and in all places with a reverential sense of duty to the Author of his being), should manifest themselves in a constant attention to those temporal objects of his bounden duties and proper regards. He ever may, with candour and moderation, he ever should attend to the just rights and interests of himself and of the family which Providence has committed to his most faithful, tenderest care, and this will absolutely include a regular and patient attention to some useful calling in life, by which an honest subsistence, the comforts of

his old age, and the education and establishment of his dependent family, may be most effectually and completely secured. If he has, from whatever cause, heretofore neglected this duty, *particularly imposed on him by Divine Providence*, let him hasten to resume and perform it well, if he expects comfort, and esteem, and peace here, or happiness hereafter. No rational, no possible plan of human happiness admits of neglected obligations of so high a grade. All power, human and divine, in proportion as it is good, and wise, and great, must frown upon the comfortless violator of his household duties.

But though the indispensable necessity of a correct deportment in these important temporal concerns may be safely declared, yet it should be, at the same time, well remembered, that the duties which prepare us for both worlds *imperiously* demand our thorough and constant attention.

At the opening of this deeply interesting portion of our subject, two inestimable preparatives for a state and course of true happiness present themselves to our minds: the frank and thorough reparation of all injuries, which we may have done or occasioned to others through life, and the cordial forgiveness of the injuries we may have ourselves sustained. No man who has in any way violated or neglected justice can fail to derive comfort from the reflection, that he has rendered back the things which belonged to others, with a full allowance for use or interest; nor can a worthy mind, capable of the inseparable happiness of the two worlds, know any comfort under a sense of uncompensated wrongs, of whatever nature or degree, from himself to a fellow creature. He cannot feel convinced that he merits the comfort of the just here, nor those of the *just made perfect*, in the scene beyond the grave; nor can he be of a constitution to enjoy a state of happiness so uncongenial with himself. He must feel always the uncomfortable impression, that

he has not done to others what he desires them to do to him. He has set at nought that sound and beautiful injunction of *the most perfect religion the world has ever known*. Let us then hasten, on the road to happiness, to the precious chamber of *self-examination*. Let us there look very strictly into our conscientious knowledge of secret, as well as known wrongs, of every name and kind, done to our neighbours. Let us estimate them and the just compensation with interest, and damages, and costs, and charges, in full measure. Let us restore the whole amount, with a free hand and willing heart. Let us atone for every form of injury, insult, and wrong done. We shall then enjoy *the sweet luxury of being just*, and it is in truth a pleasure of the highest *gout*, whose flavour will rest upon the palate of the soul, in all time, through our whole existence in the two worlds, here and hereafter.

The cordial forgiveness of all those who have injured us is as necessary as the duty of retribution, to a happy state of mind and feelings in our present life. Nor is it less important as an act of preparation, which will greatly contribute to fit us for a better state of existence. Our *perfect* religion, which never enjoins what is wrong, nor ever prohibits what is right, and which leaves no duty without a plain and strong precept, inculcates, by its highest authority, and by all its examples, the cordial forgiveness of injuries, and the return of benefits for acts of unkindness and enmity.

The Hebrew, the mahometan, and the pagan must bow to the sublime goodness of Jesus Christ, on this subject. His stated prayer proposes to our Heavenly Father, that our own temper and conduct towards our enemies may govern the dispensation towards ourselves. "*Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.*"—The exchange of an irritable, angry, and revengeful heart or temper for one which, in the midst of suffering, can pity, forgive, and overcome an enemy by kindness, must be attend-

ed with the most comfortable feelings in this life, often with much advantage, and it must greatly prepare every happy man, who can attain such a temper and disposition, for the highest conceivable state of permanent felicity, of which our natures are capable, and to the conception of which our minds can rise. The highest example in our religion, and in the history of persons claiming religious belief, confidence, and influence in any age, nation, or country, is that of the great first teacher of christianity enduring a death of the utmost agony, and of the most extreme human reproach, to prove, among other things, the sincerity of those exhortations and injunctions by which he advised, persuaded, and enjoined his followers to forgive their enemies, and to do good to those that injure, even unto such a death, the ignominious and excruciating death of the cross. The conception of such a plan of religious conduct is truly peculiar, and eminently sublime. Its execution is more than human. A mortal to soar so high in magnanimous thought and deed, when sinking into an agonizing death, must be moved by divine influence. The spirit itself must be divine. How must that human bosom overflow with comfort, and expand with happiness, which can fill itself with a heart, and soul, and mind to forgive its enemies, and to return benefits for their unkindness and hostility! A disposition thus sweetly formed, a temper thus divinely governed, prepare their happy possessor for the highest felicities of the two worlds.

The joys of beneficence, the pleasures of doing good to our dependents, our neighbours, our friends, our country, and mankind, are not ranked so high as they certainly should be in the estimate of human enjoyments. If we dwell with rapture on the inimitable conduct of the good Samaritan, do we drink as deeply as we may of his cup of undiluted pleasure; a cup which will give joy to the mind here, and health to the soul in our endless journey through that future land,

from whose bourn no traveller returns, without whose confines no man who once enters shall ever pass? Do we not see around us edifices of charity, of comfort, of relief, of youthful instruction, of piety and religion, and of every form of beneficence? Are the "talents of gold and silver," with which Providence has entrusted us, hid in a napkin, and unemployed, so far as they are applicable to such purposes? Have we tasted little or none of the delightful potion, with which the sweet cup of active benevolence overflows? Do we compare the pleasure of representations of misery relieved, which we and our families procure at a theatre, in every season, for half a hundred dollars of direct cost and incidental expences, with the superior and true luxury of administering relief to real misery, through the channel of a benevolent institution wisely founded, and well and faithfully administered? The bosom of sensibility heaves a complaining sigh, because

"Nor peace, nor ease the heart can know,

Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
And, turning, trembles too."

Let it seek the true balm for its wounded nerves, the sweet consciousness of doing good. Let it allay the agitations of its joys by the calm remembrance of a well directed beneficence. Let it exchange its mortification at the untutored rudeness of the savage, or simplicity of the indigent, for the pleasure of giving its mite towards the inestimable institutions, which teach "the young idea how to shoot," among the infant poor, and the oppressed races of the black, the red, and the yellow men.

The pleasures of public spirit will not be placed at a low degree in the scale of human enjoyments. To do good to our neighbours, and to our country, is beneficence on a great scale. It is conferring benefits on many, and must ever be ranked as a primary virtue, whether we con-

sider it in reference to its motives, or to its effects on human happiness. He who has taught the world to make two ears of corn grow where but one grew before, has been justly ranked as a greater benefactor to mankind than all the warriors upon earth. For he has given comfort and life to those thousands and tens of thousands, whom the conqueror would devote to bloodshed, ravage, and death. The illustrious William Penn, and other lovers of humanity, justice, and public happiness, have taught misguided parents no longer to neglect their female progeny and their younger males for an exclusive attention to their eldest sons. Few human pleasures can exceed the comfortable reflection, that *by this single measure* many daughters, fair and well beloved, are rescued from prostitution, in common or in legal forms, or from the prisons and hypocrisy of nunneries, and that many younger sons, gifted with precious talents and inestimable virtues, are saved from dependence and want, and civil prostitution, by this single wise and virtuous thought of the lovers of mankind. Compared with this, what are the honours of the turf, or the triumphs of the gaming-table? Yet those two gratifications rank high in the catalogue of fashionable pleasures, and are often, with their accompaniments, made complete substitutes for all others. In scenes like these, well may the poet say,

"The heart, mistrusting, asks if this be joy."

Amidst the horrors of modern wars, the precious, the glorious examples of public spirit, reaching sometimes beyond the nation which gave birth to its wise and virtuous possessor, and affecting the whole human family, are neither rare nor singular. An entire denomination of christians have distinguished themselves by commuting hereditary slavery for temporary service, by softening the miseries attendant on the accustomed trade, by unre-

mitting endeavours to abolish the commerce, and by a parental care of the rising generation of the oppressed Africans. A single, undaunted, and generous spirit, the great and the good *Howard* arrested the bloody progress of the penal code of unthinking Christendom, and carried the tender mercies of that perfect religion into the miserable prisons of exhausted poverty and of convicted guilt, teaching the confined debtor to hope for new opportunities of establishment in life, and the shackled criminal that the long-lost opportunity of an availing repentance might restore him to the bosom of his country, and to the favour of his Almighty Creator. Revered shades of Benezet and Howard! how many fleeting, empty, fashionable joys does it require to equal the comfort of the last sensations of your parting intellect, when your conscious souls were transferred to the scene beyond the tomb, there to enjoy the rich treasures you had laid up by your unwearied labours in the cause of Justice, and of Mercy, and of Man!

And here for a moment let us rest in the pursuit of happiness. Let us reflect upon the ordinary gratifications of the busy, the gay, the voluptuous, the luxurious, the fashionable, and the ambitious. Let us consider, with a view to both worlds, whether many of their joys are not delusive, some productive of pain and sorrow, and whether the *ennui* or the sufferings those joys so often induce would not be lessened or removed, and often converted into truer and greater happiness, by a more copious mixture of those gratifications in which the mind, the heart, and the conscience of man can sweetly partake in this world, and *his living spirit* in that which is to come.

For the Literary Magazine.

DIAPER.

DIAPER is the name given to a linen-cloth with a rhomboidal figure

or pattern which is used to make napkins and night-caps. Whence the word? I suspect it to have been originally written D'Ypres; that the art of manufacturing it was brought hither from Flanders; and that the article was named from its native place. Many kinds of stuff are called from the towns which they were first made. Thus, at Leeds, are sold amens (originally Amiens); at Halifax, denima (originally De Nismes); at Manchester, calicoes (originally Calicuts or Calcuttas); at Norwich, mecklenburgs; and in Spital-fields, mantuas and paduasos. Worsted-yarn is so called from a town in Norfolk, where the Flemish wool-combers first settled; and porcelain has its vulgar name from China.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE ADVERSARIA,

Or Winter Evening Amusements.

NO. XVII.

THE situation of those political weathercocks who are ready to be agitated by every gale, and are too timid to move in a calm, is very happily compared by Shakespeare to the tide when *swelled to its height*.

Northumberland, 'tis with my mind
As with the tide swelled up unto its
height,
That makes a still-stand, running nei-
ther way.
Fain would I go to meet the arch-
bishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me
back:
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I
Till time and 'vantage claim my com-
pany.

If we could examine the breasts of one half of those noisy *patriots* who have disturbed the repose of governments, we should find just such timidity, such wavering, such cun-

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ning *lying by* to catch the *time and 'vantage*, as Shakespeare has exhibited in the character of Northumberland. They have the disposition to rebel, but they want the resolution to act. Ambition bids them draw the sword of carnage and desolation, but fear restrains it in the coward scabbard.

The very eloquent address of Rolla, which Mr. Sheridan has inserted in his translation of Pizarro, bears so strong a resemblance to the following lines by Cowper, that we cannot but suppose they were in *his mind's eye*. How happily might they be addressed by an Englishman of the present day, to one of the miserable slaves of a foreign usurper!

—————"We love
The king who loves the laws, respects
his bounds,
And reigns content within them: him
we serve
And with delight, who leaves us free.
We love the MAN; the PALTRY PA-
GEANT you;
We the chief patron of the common-
wealth;
You the regardless author of its woes.
We, for the sake of liberty, a king;
You, chains and bondage, for a tyrant's
sake.
Our love is principle, and has its root
In reason, is judicious, manly, free;
Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the
rod,
And licks the foot that treads it in the
dust.

Piety communicates a divine lustre to the female mind: wit and beauty, like the flowers of the field, may flourish and charm for a season; but let it be remembered, that, like the fragrant blossoms that bloom in the air, those gifts are frail and fading; age will nip the bloom of beauty; sickness and misfortune will stop the current of wit and humour: in that gloomy time *which must arrive*, piety will support the drooping soul

like a refreshing dew upon the parched earth.

No person can be perfectly agreeable without a portion of wit and vivacity: but that perspicacity which is employed in discovering and exposing the foibles of others, particularly of those with whom we live in habits of intimacy, is but another name for treachery and ill-nature; and vivacity, unaccompanied by tenderness and delicacy, is, like the picture of a gaudy landscape, eminent only for its brilliant colouring. We turn away from it in disgust, when our eyes are attracted by the labours of another artist, whose tints, if less vivid, are more delicate, though he has employed his skill only in portraying Poverty at the door of Contentment, or Innocence reposing on a bank of flowers.

If we consider the various pursuits in which men are engaged, *state* how the most active are employed, and *sum up* their different merits, this conclusion may be made: that, take them in general, they are seldom so much, and never so nobly and innocently employed, as the man who passes his time in literary ease, and who is by the world called idle. Trade debases the mind. Its only recommendation is, that it furnishes the means of subsistence. Men are always discontented, and one who has spent all his days in literature may, through ignorance, wish, at a late period of existence, that he had followed some business: but no man, who has seen what business is, and abandons it for literature, will, at any time of life, desire to return to it.

Poetry is a blossom of very delicate growth; it requires the maturing influence of vernal suns, and every encouragement of culture and attention, to bring it to its natural perfection. The pursuits of the mathematician, or the mechanical ge-

nus, are such as require rather strength and insensibility of mind, than that exquisite and fine-wrought susceptibility, which invariably marks the temperament of the true poet; and it is for this reason, that while men of science have not unfrequently arisen from the hut of poverty and labour, very few legitimate children of the muse have ever emerged from the shades of hereditary obscurity.

It is painful to reflect how many a bard lies nameless and forgotten, in the narrow house, who, had he been born to competence and leisure, might have usurped the laurels from the most distinguished personages in the temple of Fame. The very consciousness of merit itself often acts in direct opposition to a stimulus to exertion, by exciting that mournful indignation at supposititious neglect, which urges a sullen concealment of talents, and drives its possessor to that misanthropic discontent which preys on the vitals, and soon produces untimely mortality. A sentiment like this has, no doubt, often actuated beings, who attracted notice, perhaps, while they lived, only by their singularity, and who were forgotten almost ere their parent earth had closed over their heads; beings who lived but to mourn and to languish for what they were never destined to enjoy, and whose exalted endowments were buried with them in their graves, by the want of a little of that superfluity which serves to pamper the debased appetites of the enervated sons of luxury and sloth.

Poetry is not less estimable from the respect which is paid to it by kings and princes, than it is interesting by the inspiration of the muses. Though poets profess fiction, yet their true intention is to steal upon the heart, and inculcate lessons for human action.

By this means, whilst they please they inform; whilst they dazzle the eye by the glitter of their rays, they are a brilliant light to illumine the

dark: thus do they fascinate the fancy, while they soften the heart and improve the understanding. They are not merely meteors that sparkle for a moment, and are then hid in obscurity; nor flowers, fragrant and fair, that are born to blush for a moment, and then languish and decay: but they may be compared to the sturdy oak, whose leaves delight the eye, whose trunk is useful, and whose branches afford shelter to the wearied traveller, or from whose lofty top, which defies the fury of the winds, he may calmly look around, and survey the variegated face of nature.

It had been objected to poetry, that it is conducive to the corruption of manners. How his talents can be said to be corruptive, whose province it is to describe Nature as she really exists, I am at a loss to imagine. It is the business of the epic poet to narrate important events, and to confer on the hero the reward that is due to integrity in design and bravery in execution; and at the same time he exhibits in proper colours the folly of ambition, the baseness of treachery, and the guilt of rebellion. The didactic poet produces from the stores of a fertile mind the lessons of experience and the dictates of wisdom; he inculcates his maxims with the fervour of honesty, he enforces them by the force of reasoning, and decorates them with the alluring embellishments of harmony. Like the skilful anatomist, he probes the innermost recesses of the mind, and investigates the various inflections of the passions, as they are occasioned by the casual varieties of individual habit or general custom. He is alike regardless of the censure or applause of his own times, because he knows that human nature is invariable, and therefore that he who inculcates the abstract principles of rectitude must be eternally right. He produces a mirror, not less adapted to contemporary contemplation, than it is capable of reflecting thoughts and manners to remote posterity. The amatory poet, whilst he sings the rap-

tures of love, warns us against the miseries which are the inevitable consequences of vicious passion. It is his duty to show the superiority of that virtuous affection which springs from the heart, over those loose desires that arise solely from the impetuosity of depraved appetite. He who does not write thus, debases himself and degrades his profession. His name may be applauded for a time among the idle and the profligate, but the sober will shun him and the cheek of modesty be tinged with a blush when his lays are recited.

But it would be tedious and unnecessary to describe the aim and province of the different classes of poets. By their fertility of imagination, aptness of allusion, and brilliancy of description, they aid the researches of the philosopher, instil the tenderest emotions into the soul of the lover, and impel the hero to brave the hottest carnage of the field: they give morality to the grave, and furnish an inexhaustible fund of wit for the gay.

Here my friend ceased, and I left him with renewed resolutions to become a poet*.

I. E. H.

Baltimore.

For the Literary Magazine.

DESCRIPTION OF FANEUIL HALL.

IN the year 1740, Peter Faneuil, Esq., an opulent merchant of Boston, made an offer to the town to build at his own expence a commodious market-house, near Dock-square, where provisions were then exposed for sale. The proposal was thankfully received, and the building immediately commenced. In the progress of the work the liberal donor was induced to make an addition of a large hall over the market-house, for public meetings, and for transacting the business of the town. The

* Part of this number is extracted from an unpublished volume.

whole was completed in a most substantial and elegant manner, in September, 1742.

In testimony of the town's gratitude to Peter Faneuil, and to perpetuate his memory, the hall over the market-place was named *Faneuil Hall*.

In 1761, the inside wood work and roof of the building were consumed by fire. Measures were immediately taken for repairing the building, and the expence was defrayed by a lottery granted by the general court for that purpose. From this period the history of *Faneuil Hall* is intimately connected with that of our country; it was the theatre on which James Otis, Quincy, Bowdoin, the Adams's, Hancock, and other patriots, exerted their talents, to impress on a people, jealous of their rights, the necessity of vigilance against foreign encroachments and domestic duplicity, and became the centre where resolutions were formed and measures were adopted, which quickly spread round the wide circle of the state and continent; and terminated in the establishment of American independence.

Though the hall was sufficient for a number of years for the transaction of the ordinary business of the town, yet on every interesting occasion, when great numbers of the inhabitants assembled, it became necessary to adjourn to some larger building; and the old south church being capacious and conveniently situated, the proprietors of that house willingly allowed the town the use of it, on all occasions of great political importance; but on the increase of population, and the frequent occurrence of questions of a local nature, which called together great numbers of citizens, the proprietors of the places of public worship became unwilling to admit such large numbers to the free use of their buildings.

The selectmen therefore in May, 1805, offered a plan for the enlargement of Faneuil Hall, which was accepted, and they were directed to carry it into effect. The work has

been prosecuted with uncommon dispatch, and without any unfavourable accident, and in twelve months has been completed to general satisfaction. It has evidently been the aim of the agents to adapt the outside additions to the original style of the building, to make it a uniform and consistent pile. The great hall is 76 feet square and 28 feet high, with galleries on three sides on Doric columns; the ceiling is supported by two ranges of Ionic columns; the walls enriched with plaster, and the windows with architraves, &c. Platforms underneath and in the galleries rise amphitheatrically to accommodate spectators, and from the trials already made, it appears favourable for sight and sound. The noble painting of Washington, by Stuart, presented by Samuel Parkman, Esq., is placed at the west end, over the selectmen's seat. The portrait of Peter Faneuil, Esq. will also be placed in a suitable position.

Above the great hall is another, 76 feet long, and 30 wide, devoted to the exercise of the different military corps, with apartments on each side for depositing their arms and military equipments, where those of the several companies are arranged and kept in perfect order.

The building also contains convenient offices for the selectmen, board of health, assessors, and town treasurer. The lower story is appropriated according to the original intention as a market, and the cellars are leased for various purposes of business. The income of the stalls and cellars will produce a permanent and handsome interest upon the money expended in the enlargement.

For the Literary Magazine.

SWIFT'S TALE OF A TUB.

To the Editor, &c.

IN looking over your number for July, I found a person, who styles himself Querist, call in question the validity of the title of that satire of

Dean Swift, "the Tale of a Tub." I was surprised to find that any one could possibly undertake to criticise upon a book, without having first read its preface.

Being a person of few words, I have taken the liberty of transcribing the two first paragraphs of the preface, which I hope will show how much he was mistaken in supposing the author had written it Tail of a Tub.

"The wits of the present age being so very numerous and penetrating, it seems the grandees of church and state, begin to fall under the horrible apprehensions lest these gentlemen, during the intervals of a long peace, should find leisure to pick holes in the weak sides of religion and government. To prevent which, there has been much thought employed of late upon certain projects, for taking off the force and edge of those formidable enquirers from canvassing and reasoning upon such delicate points. They have at length fixed upon one which will require some time as well as cost to perfect: meanwhile, the danger hourly increasing, by new levies of wits, all appointed, as there is reason to fear, with pen, ink and paper, which may, at an hour's warning, be drawn out into pamphlets and other offensive weapons ready for immediate execution; it was judged of absolute necessity that some expedient be thought upon, till the main design can be brought to maturity. To this end, at a grand committee some days ago, this important discovery was made by a curious and refined observer, That seamen have a custom, when they meet a whale, to throw out an empty tub, by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands on the ship. This parable was immediately mythologized; the whale was interpreted to be Hobbes's Leviathan, which tosses and plays with all schemes of religion and government, whereof a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and wooden, and given to rotation; this is the leviathan from whence the

terrible wits of our age are said to borrow their weapons. The ship in danger is easily understood to be its old anti-type the commonwealth. But how to analyze the tub was a matter of difficulty; when after long enquiry and debate the literal meaning was preserved, and it was decreed, that in order to prevent these leviathans from tossing and sporting with the commonwealth, which of itself is too apt to fluctuate, they should be diverted from that game by a *Tale of a Tub*, and my genius being conceived to be not unhappily that way, I had the honour done me to be engaged in the performance.

"This is the sole design of publishing the following treatise, which I hope will serve for an interim of some months, to employ their unquiet spirits till the perfecting that great work."

Querist says, that he has had several arguments respecting his opinion; and, says he, "what is worse, I never could convince a single opponent so as to bring him over to my opinion." This sufficiently proves that neither he nor his opponents had ever read the preface to "*this incomparable satire*," as he terms it.

It is much to be regretted that prefaces are so seldom read, as they never fail to show the views of the author in writing, or in giving his title to a work of this kind.

J. W. P.

For the Literary Magazine.

ACCOUNT OF THE ORKNEY ISLANDS.

THESE islands are situated in the Northern Ocean, between Caithness and Shetland, from the former of which they are distant about four, and from the latter near twenty leagues. The latitude of Kirkwall, the centre, is fifty-nine degrees and nine minutes north, and the longitude two degrees and thirty minutes west, from the meridian of Greenwich. Their surface is high and precipitous towards the west, but

slopes and sinks into level plains, towards the east, especially of those called the North Isles. This is owing to the position of the strata, which generally rise towards the west or south-west, and dip, or are inclined, towards the east or north-east. It has been observed that islands and continents are generally high on the west, but form slopes or plains towards the east. This seems to prove a general conformity in the position of the mineral strata, though the cause of this conformity is unknown.

From the similarity of the points of Berey in Waas, and Dunnet in Caithness, and the general correspondence of the rocks and soils on the opposite sides of the Pentland Frith, we may conclude that the Orkneys were probably joined, at some remote period, to the mainland of Scotland; and also, that the islands themselves formerly composed one unbroken continent.

In several parts of Caithness, where the strata are intersected by veins of soft matter, the sea, by working them out, has made deep inlets into the land, and sometimes rushes, with terrible impetuosity, by subterraneous passages, from one side of a promontory to another. The Pentland Frith, and the sounds which separate the islands, were once, probably, occupied by soft substances, which the water has washed away. In proof of this, it appears that all the remaining rocks on each side are extremely hard, and well calculated to resist its attacks. *The Old Man of Hoy*, a stupendous pyramidal rock, situate a few hundred yards to the west of that district of Waas, is composed of the same sandstone with the neighbouring rocks; and as these rise towards the west, this pyramid is seen from a great distance to overlook the neighbouring hills, and is among the highest pinnacles in Orkney. It has evidently been joined to the neighbouring rocks by softer strata, which the sea has gradually corroded and worn away.

The soil in Orkney, though shal-

low, is generally fertile. The prevailing rock is a species of calcareous sandstone flag, of a blue, or bluish grey, colour. The soil formed by the decomposition of this stone contains a portion of carbonate of lime, which renders it fertile. The climate, on the whole, is temperate, the range of the thermometer being from 25° to 75°, and that of the barometer within three inches. The medium temperature of springs is 45°. The prevailing wind is the south-west; the most disagreeable and unhealthy the south-east. Snow is rare, and never lies long: the winter is distinguished by heavy rains. For two weeks, and sometimes more, about the middle of June, the wind commonly blows from the north, accompanied with snow and hail showers, of such violence as to check vegetation, and drive the domestic animals to seek shelter. This seemingly unnatural cold may be imputed to the melting of the ice in the northern ocean, and consequent evaporation. About forty years ago, the north wind brought what the people called *black snow*, which struck them with terror and astonishment, till it was discovered that the black snow was ashes thrown out by an eruption of Hecla in Iceland. Thunder seldom occurs, even during the warmest weather, in summer, but is frequent in tempestuous weather, with rain, hail, and snow in winter.

The greatest rapidity of the spring tides, even in those channels where they run quickest, is nine miles in an hour, and the neap-tides have only about a fourth part of that velocity. Vessels sometimes enter the Pentland Frith with a strong breeze a-stern; and, on meeting the tide, they have been stopped, and afterwards carried back, with all their sails set, by the violence of the current.

These islands were first mentioned by Pomponius Mela; and ancient authors differ exceedingly with regard to their number and extent. An actual survey has ascertained their number to be sixty-seven; of

which only twenty-nine are inhabited. The remaining thirty-eight, called Holms, are small, and have always been appropriated to pasturage. There are several others which are overflowed at high water, have scarcely any soil, and are called *Skerries*, which indicates sharp, ragged rocks. Most of the names of these islands terminate in *a*, *ay*, or *ey*, which denoted an island of large extent; while Holm implied one that was smaller, and only fit for pasturage. Holm also means hollow or flat land.

The islands have been immemorially divided into north and south isles, from their position in respect of the mainland, or more probably of Kirkwall, which, for many ages, has been considered as their capital. The sonorous name of *Pomona* affixed to the largest island or mainland, as it is called, is compounded of two Icelandic words, which signify Greatland; and this name is very applicable, if a comparison be made between it and the other islands. From east to west this island extends not less than thirty English miles; but its figure and breadth are extremely irregular. From Scalpa bay to Kirkwall, it is intersected by a hollow valley, of not more than a mile from sea to sea, which divides the island into two peninsulas. Its breadth on the west side is nearly sixteen miles; on the east it does not exceed five or six.

The united parishes of Kirkwall and St. Ola are nearly in the centre, not only of the mainland but of the whole group. The town of Kirkwall is very ancient; and though built with no great regard to regularity, contains many commodious houses, and some tolerable public buildings. The ruins of the earl's and bishop's palaces are very superb; and the cathedral of St. Magnus, which survived the fury of the reformation, and is still entire, exhibits many features of elegance joined to magnificence. The only circumstance which impairs the grandeur of this building is the meanness of its spire, which, having been

struck down by lightning, was patched up, without being carried to its original elevation. Kirkwall is a royal burgh, and in conjunction with Wick, Dornock, Tain, and Dingwall, chuses a representative in parliament. It enjoys a commodious harbour, though it is out of the tract of general trade. Its population is reckoned very low at two thousand inhabitants.

The only other town of note is Stromness, west of Pomona, and, as its name imports, on one of the sounds or streams, which intersect these islands. It possesses a commodious and safe harbour, by which alone the town is accessible; as most of the houses, like those of Venice, have a quay for the accommodation of boats and vessels, while the streets are generally so narrow and irregular, as not to admit a wheeled carriage. This town has been built by seafaring people, whose sole object has been to make it accessible from the water, without deeming the approach by land as of any importance. Two holms divide this harbour or bay, from that of Kerston, where ships of greater burden, which pass these seas, commonly cast anchor.

The dwarfie stone of Hoy, a large sandstone, in which an apartment and a bed have been cut, has been the cell of a hermit, not, as commonly supposed, the residence of a giant and his wife. Indeed the apartment is not sufficiently large to accommodate people above the ordinary stature.

Waas, or Waes, is the same with *Voes*, bays, or harbours. In this parish, accordingly, there are several excellent harbours, and particularly the Longhope, which is of easy access from the Pentland Frith, and for safety and conveniency is not surpassed by any in Europe. Other commodious harbours occur in almost every island, some of which may rise into importance as fishing stations. This and Stromness are chiefly resorted to by vessels which navigate these seas.

The name is of the same origin

with the Cape *Orcas* of the ancient geographers, supposed to be Duncansbay-head in Caithness; and both are probably derived from the word *ork*, or *orca*, which signifies a whale. These huge animals are still seen in considerable numbers passing through the Pentland Frith. Orkney probably received its first inhabitants from the north of Scotland; they went over, at first, for the purposes of hunting and fishing; and gradually formed permanent settlements on the different islands.

Cæsar found the Belgæ in the south of Britain, as well as in part of Gaul, from which they had expelled the Celtæ. The Belgæ do not seem to have been of old standing in Britain; and it is probable those whom he calls *natos in insula ipsa*, were the Celtæ, or first settlers, whom the Belgæ had previously driven from the continent. It is natural to suppose that the Celtæ would first pass over from the opposite shores of the channel, where the British coast was constantly in view; the Belgæ next; and then other tribes from Germany and the north, as the knowledge of navigation was extended, by the voyages of the Phenicians and Carthaginians. When men live by hunting, it requires a great extent of land to support a few inhabitants. Hence they would spread rapidly over the country, swarm following swarm, till they found themselves confined by an opposite ocean; and then would feel the necessity of betaking themselves to pasturage and agriculture.

That the Celtic language was at one time spoken all over Scotland, is evident from the names of places in every district, derived from that dialect. But who were the Picts? and who were the Caledonians?

The Roman writers uniformly distinguish the inhabitants of Britain by the appellation of *Picti Britanni*. Painting their bodies seems to have been a process similar to tattooing among savage nations at this day, and its object was to make them appear terrible in battle, or to protect them from the inclemency of the

weather. But the Romans discouraged these practices among those who had submitted to their yoke; and hence a new distinction would arise into *Picti Britanni*, and *non Picti Britanni*.

Picti, or *Picts*, seems then to have been a term of reproach, equivalent to savage, or barbarous, fixed by the provincial Britons, on those who adhered to ancient usages, and refused to submit to the Romans. Hence *Picti*, or *Picts*, became the name of those tribes contiguous to the Roman provinces who continued to defy their power.

The Caledonians are evidently the Gael Dun, or the Gael of the mountains. Thus the terms *Picts* and *Caledonians* only expressed a distinction, known at this day, between Lowlanders and Highlanders.

The term *Scots*, or *Scuit*, seems to have been a term of reproach used by the provincial Britons, both against *Picts* and *Caledonians*, when they plundered the Roman provinces. It means *wanderers*, or rather robbers. Accordingly, we do not hear of the Scots until the decline of the Roman power, when the provincial Britons were exposed to their merciless incursions. This name was confined to those tribes which lay contiguous to the province, for in the interior Highlands, the people do not call themselves Scots, but Gael Albinich, or Gauls of Albion. Hence, the Scots could not have acquired their name in Ireland, and afterwards brought it with them to Argyleshire and the West Highlands; because the immediate descendants of those Irish emigrants, who still continue to speak the same language, never heard of any such name, and make no use of it at this day.

These facts lead us to infer, that the original *Picts* were tribes of the Gael, or Celtæ, inhabiting the southern and eastern parts of Scotland; and that the *Caledonians* were tribes of the same race, inhabiting the mountainous regions. The term *Picts* was not known as a national name, till the Romans began

to advance towards the north ; nor that of Scots till their power began to decline.

The progress of the Romans first suggested to these tribes, formerly independent, the necessity of uniting under a common chief, and paved the way for the establishment of two monarchies, one of the Picts, on the east, the other of the Caledonians, afterwards Scots, on the west. A favourable soil, and the resort of strangers from more improved districts, would soon make the Picts understand and practise agriculture ; while the Caledonians of the hills would depend chiefly on pasturage and hunting. Accordingly, the people of the interior Highlands know no more of the Picts than of the Scots of our antiquaries. The people whom we call Picts, they call *Drinnach*, labourers ; thereby denoting their agricultural occupations. The modern Lowlanders they call *Sassanach*, Saxons ; which shows they do not consider them to be of the same race with the ancient Picts, or *Drinnach*.

The Peti, in conjunction with the Papæ, were the first inhabitants of Orkney, and were a branch of the Gael, or Celts, who had come thither from Caithness ; and many circumstances confirm this opinion. St. Columba, an Irish Celt, and the apostle of the Highlands and isles, is not stated to have used an interpreter when he addressed the Pictish kings, or when he preached the gospel to vast multitudes of their people.

By the Norwegian invasion, 876, these Peti and Papæ were utterly extirpated ; a circumstance not likely to have happened, had these Peti and Patæ spoken the same language, and been descended from the ancestors of their conquerors. The conquerors naturally proceeded to impose new names, which might recal the objects of affection they had left in their own country, or were descriptive of the local situation of places.

These circumstances will account for so few Gaelic names being found

in the Orkneys. Among these few is *Mull*, undoubtedly Celtic, which is still, in several cases, used instead of *ness*, *nose*, to express a promontory or headland. *Skerries*, *sunken rocks*, is also Gaelic.

After the Norwegians acquired possession of the Orkneys, they imposed the name of *Pictland* Frith, on the sea which separated them from the northern kingdom of the Picts ; and they called the nearest point to it *Caithness*, the nose or promontory of the Catts or Catti. These Catti, or Clan Chatto, as they are sometimes called in Gaelic, were a Celtic tribe which inhabited the northern counties of Scotland, and from whom several Highland chiefs and clans, such as the Macintoshes, Macphersons, &c., at this day claim their descent.

After the Norwegians or Danes got possession of Caithness, they called the land beyond them Suderland, from which Sutherland, its modern name, is derived. But neither Caithness nor Sutherland are called by these names in Gaelic at this day ; the people of Sutherland call themselves Catich, and their country Cattey. The Gaelic name of Caithness is Goliu ; and, among the Gael, the people are still known by no other name than Golich. If, then, the first inhabitants of Orkney had come from the opposite shores of Caithness, which is extremely probable, they must have been a colony of the Catti, and hence of Celtic extraction.

This original is also evinced by the religious monuments still remaining in the Orkneys ; such as the standing stones of Stennis, which, though much defaced, are clearly of druidical origin, and must have been erected by the Peti, or some other people who possessed these islands before the northern nations subdued them.

Single obelisks may have been erected to commemorate a victory, or some remarkable event, but never to point out the grave of a great man. Such graves are marked out by four or more flat stones set on

edge. Where numbers have fallen in battle, a heap of stones or earth marks the place of their interment. But wherever we find a circle of tall stones, we may be sure that these were set up for religious purposes. Often there are only four tall stones, which are always exactly at the four cardinal points, viewed from the centre. Sometimes there is a smaller circle, or *sanctum sanctorum*, in the centre, and circles within circles, extending considerably beyond. When there is only one circle of considerable diameter, four great stones generally mark the cardinal points with great exactness, and smaller ones mark the subdivisions, as far as there is room. When there is circle within circle, the interior circle marks the prominent points of direction, and the exterior ones the minutest subdivisions, with the greatest exactness.

These circles, besides being used as places of worship, and courts of justice, evidently served the purpose of rude astronomical observatories, by which the druids could ascertain the rising and setting of the sun, moon, and stars; the seasons of the year, and even the hours of the day; and, where they are tolerably entire, slight attention would enable us to do so now. The sun seems to have been the great object of their veneration, as an emblem of the Deity; and the larger circles have a great stone placed on a heap of earth in the centre, or more frequently on a tumulus at a little distance, but always due south from the centre of the interior circle, on which they seem to have offered sacrifice when the sun was in the meridian.

Fragments of these circles, and sometimes pretty entire ones, are still visible in all parts of the Highlands, from Arran to Caithness.—Many have been demolished through mere wantonness; and the extension of agriculture has destroyed many more, especially in the counties of Moray, Nairne, and Inverness, where they lately abounded.

Perhaps the most entire one that now remains is on the banks of

Loch Roag, in the island of Lewis. It consists of a *sanctum sanctorum*, or small circle of very large stones, in the centre, from which a long avenue runs due south and north, and a shorter one east and west.—There are several concentric circles at a considerable distance from the inner one, and many tall stones are seen at various distances on the neighbouring hills; but chiefly towards the east. Opposite to the southern avenue is a small hill, and on its declivity, a little below its summit, there is a stone of most enormous magnitude, which must have been placed there by design, as its northern side is seen to rest on small rounded blocks of stone, which prop it on the shelving rock of the hill. This enormous mass is due south from the *sanctum sanctorum*, or centre of the circles; and appears to have been the altar on which they offered sacrifice. This rude mass may have been raised from the rocky hill on which it rests; but no rocks in that quarter could furnish the standing stones.

The perfect similarity of these circles in the Orkneys to those which are recognized elsewhere as undoubted vestiges of druidical superstition, compel us to allow the druids a footing in these islands.—Though the learned word in Gaelic for a church, be *heglish*, a corruption of *ecclesia*; yet its vulgar name is *clachan*, stones; and at this day, they express going to church by a phrase which implies *going to the stones*.

The only other ancient monuments worth notice, are the round buildings, called Picts'-houses in Orkney and Caithness. These buildings are mostly reduced to heaps of rubbish, and great numbers are also demolished in the Highlands and Hebrides; but in many places, such as Dornadilla in Strathnaver, in Lochalsh, Kintail, Glenelg; in Skye, Lewis, and several of the Hebrides, fragments, and often considerable portions of the walls remain.

In one found at Quarterness, near Kirkwall, the only apartments re-

maining, seem to have been cellars where they stowed their victuals and most valuable effects, and where they might conceal themselves in cases of extremity. The place of habitation seems to have been above this, though now demolished. The reason why these cellars are so narrow, and so numerous, seems to have been their ignorance of the art of constructing arches, and the consequent necessity of covering them with flat stones gradually projecting beyond each other, so as to form an angular roof. Had the cells been wide, they could not, in this way, have made the building to support the habitable floor above. Perhaps the most entire of these buildings is *Dun Carlaway*, in the isle of Lewis. It stands on a solid rock, projecting to the south, and is conical, like the furnace of a glass-house; only it widens more rapidly towards the base. Nearly one half of the building, on the north side, has been demolished, or has fallen down. The southern half, from the base to the summit, seemed to be about fifty feet in height, and most probably was originally higher, and contracted to a narrow aperture at top. A projection of stones, forming a circle on the inside, seems to prove that a wooden floor had rested on them, nearly on a level with the ground on the north side; and there is sufficient depth of building to admit a story below this, though the space is now filled with loose stones. It is built of masses of flat granite, without cement, and consists of an exterior and interior wall, parallel to each other. Between these walls there are passages formed by large flat stones, which connect the two walls, between which a man can easily walk. These passages run horizontally round the building to a certain extent, and then rise by a rude stair, or gently inclined plane, to other horizontal passages, and so on, until they conduct to the summit. The diameter within walls, at the projecting circle of stones on which the floor had rested, is twenty-five feet eight inches; the thickness of the wall at this point, nine

feet one inch. There may be about eight or ten feet of building below this circle, where the wall becomes rapidly thicker, but the accumulation of rubbish prevented its measurement.

On viewing these buildings, every one must be struck with the care employed in selecting and shaping each stone for the position it occupies; the accuracy with which the whole are joined together; the art by which they are made to cross and bind each other; and the skill which has prevented the slightest deviation from the curvature of the building, external or internal.—Where the door is not concealed by rubbish, it commonly faces the east, is about two feet in breadth, and three in height, composed of massy stones. One, and sometimes two holes in the wall within, seem intended to receive massy wooden bolts. These buildings are only called Picts'-houses in Orkney and in Caithness; over the greater part of the Highlands they are ascribed to the Danes, and occasionally to witches, Fingalians, and other ideal beings.

The great Scandinavian kingdoms appear to have been formed, or at least consolidated, by certain violent usurpations of the sovereign over the rights and privileges of his warlike barons. A successful struggle of this sort, by Harold Harfager, or the fair-haired king of Norway, induced some of his discontented vassals to seek an asylum in the Shetland and Orkney isles, whence they harrassed his trade by their piracies. The monarch, filled with indignation, immediately collected a fleet and powerful army; and landing first in Shetland, and afterwards in Orkney, he utterly extirpated the poor Peti and Papæ, who seem to have been guilty of no other crime than affording a hospitable reception to his discontented subjects. Elated with his success, he carried havoc and devastation throughout the Hebrides. He then proceeded to the Isle of Man, of which he took possession without opposition, as the

inhabitants, fearing perhaps the fate of the Peti and Papæ, had abandoned the island. This, with the irruptions of the Danes into England, seems to be the first authentic naval expedition of these northern nations in the south of Europe; and all the accounts we have of Picts or others having previously passed from these countries into the eastern parts of Scotland, seem to rest merely on conjecture.

Harold conferred the government of his new conquests on Ronald, count of Merca. But Ronald, wishing to return to his own country, resigned the whole to his brother Sigurd, whom he prevailed on the king to create an earl, and to confirm in his new inheritance.

Einar, a natural son of count Ronald, being made earl, possessed consummate wisdom and vigour.—He is said first to have taught his people the use of turf or peat for fuel; a discovery of infinite importance, as their woods never were abundant, and were now exhausted. For this benevolent action he was honoured with the name of Torfseid, or Torfeinar.

The authority of the kings of Norway, and afterwards of Denmark, when united, over the Orkneys, was always loose and undefined. The earls acknowledged a sort of nominal submission to these princes, and competitors frequently appealed to their decision; but they paid them no tribute, nor assisted them in their military enterprises, except voluntarily, as equals and allies. Had it not been for the fatal custom of dividing their territories among their sons, and the frequent disputes about the right of succession, which, like every other dispute in those days, was settled by the sword, men of such heroism and enterprise, as some of these earls appear to have been, might have established a very extensive dominion. They soon acquired Caithness and Sutherland, the Hebrides, and several tracts on the western shores of Scotland.—When not fighting among themselves about the right of succession, they

amused themselves with predatory excursions to Ireland, to Scotland, and to England, and long continued to worship and to immolate human victims to Odin.

Olaus Friguesson, king of Norway, having, in his youth, acquired some knowledge of the christian religion in England, was so much struck with its excellence, that he resolved to spread its principles through distant lands. He soon converted his subjects by word of command. He also wished to spread this salutary doctrine among his allies and dependents; and, for this end, he took on himself the character of missionary, and fitted out five or six ships, well stored with learned men, and with disciplined forces to support their arguments.

On his return, he anchored in one of the harbours of South Ronaldsay, where the earl of Orkney then was, in readiness for some expedition. Sigurd, the earl, was of an open and unsuspicious temper, which arose from confidence in the strength of his arms. He beheld, without terror, the approach of the Norwegian fleet; nor did he hesitate to go on board as soon as he received the king's invitation, as he dreaded no harm, and supposed, perhaps, that a conference only was wanted respecting some military enterprise, in which the interest of both might be equally concerned. The king's conduct, however, soon convinced him of his mistake; for scarcely had they met, when Olaus, assuming an air of dignity, opened his design in a long speech, reminding the earl of his vassalage, and requiring him and his people instantly to adopt the christian religion, and submit to the holy rite of baptism, under pain of destruction in this world, and damnation in the next. The earl starts some scruples about abandoning a religion which had been sanctioned by the wisdom of his ancestors; especially as no reasons had been offered to convince him that the religion he was required to adopt was better than his present one. The king had neither time nor inclina-

tion to produce any other arguments than those he had already used on similar occasions. He therefore drew his sword; and, laying hold of the earl's son, Hundius, whom his father had carried on board with him, declared that he would instantly plunge it into the youth's bosom, if his father hesitated any longer; and that the same fate should attend all who refused to adopt the religion which he himself possessed. Sigurd prudently yielded to the imperious dictates of Olaus, whom he now acknowledged as his sovereign; publicly professed the christian faith, and received baptism; and the people followed the example of their earl with one accord. The king, exulting in the success of his pious enterprise, now returned home, carrying Hundius along with him as a hostage, and leaving some learned men to instruct the inhabitants in the nature of their new religion.

This earl fell in battle at Clontarf, in Ireland; and various prodigies are said to have attended his death. In Caithness, twelve women were seen weaving a web in the inside of a hill, while they sang a dreadful song, descriptive of the fate of the earl of Orkney. The earl and his subjects had indeed received baptism, but they had not forgotten their old religion. The song was translated into Latin by Torfæus, and is the ground-work of Gray's ode of the *Fatal Sisters*.

After the change of their religion, the people and their rulers seem to have gradually put off their original ferocity, and to have cultivated with some success the arts and virtues of peace. Earl Magnus, who flourished early in the twelfth century, was a prince of great accomplishments, and had the honour of a place in the calendar.

Haco, king of Norway, after an unsuccessful expedition against Scotland, returned to Kirkwall, in Orkney, and died there of a broken heart, 1263; the Hebudæ were conceded by treaty to the Scots; and the northern nations, who had harassed Scotland by their piracies,

during several centuries, have never since molested her shores.

Many causes contributed, before the end of the fourteenth century, to break the power of this proud and turbulent principality. The chief cause was the practice of allowing all the children of the earls an equal right of succession, in consequence of which their territories were either dismembered, or their unity was preserved at the price of civil war or murder. In consequence of a division among females, the Hebudæ had long become a separate sovereignty, holding nominally of the king of Norway. The kings of Scotland had contrived to strip the earls of Ross and Sutherland, and even obliged them to hold Caithness as a fief from their crown. The rage for conquest and piratical expeditions to the south of Europe, was a fire which had burnt out in the north; so that their islands were no longer of the same importance as formerly, as a place for mustering their forces. The earldom itself had fallen, by marriage, to the Sinclairs of Roslin, a family that came over with William the conqueror, and which was attached, by still ampler possessions on the Mainland, to the interest of Scotland.

From these causes, and a wish to conciliate the friendship of the Scots, Christian of Oldenburgh, who united the crowns of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, conveyed the Shetland and Orkney Isles in pledge for part of his daughter's portion, who was married to James III of Scotland, 1468. Thus were these islands, which were originally connected with the northern kingdom of the Picts, reannexed to the crown. Nothing more than the right of homage, or superiority, was conveyed. But James having compensated earl Sinclair by other lands, annexed the earldom of Orkney to the crown of Scotland, by act of parliament, not to be given away to any but one of the king's lawful sons.

Notwithstanding this act, the islands were frequently granted to favourites, and as often revoked.—

Sometimes they were farmed, and sometimes mortgaged, till they were finally and irrevocably granted to the earl of Morton, on payment of a small feu-duty. He, finding much difficulty in collecting his rents, sold his rights to the father of the present lord Dundas, who now enjoys all the revenues which formerly belonged to the potent earls of Orkney.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

WHETHER FRANCE HAS GAINED
OR LOST BY THE REVOLUTION.

THE acquisition of territory and the influence over neighbouring states are subjects of national glory and vanity, but confer little advantage on the inhabitants of France, who are equally loaded with taxation. The inhabitants of the cities, in particular, complain of the weight of taxes; which, as they are far from being so rich, they are much less able to pay than the people of England. Commerce has also visibly declined; and though the inland trade of so wide an empire must of course be considerable, yet the loss of St. Domingo will continue to balance many advantages.

But the grand staple of France, agriculture, has certainly been benefited by the revolution; farmers have in general been the chief gainers by the revolution; from a greater facility in bequeathing by will; from the abolition of feudal restraints, of mains mortes; by the undisturbed possession and free alienation of all landed property; and last by the division of land into smaller estates. Hence also the change in respect to money; formerly it flowed through the country to the cities; now it remains in free circulation in the country. This is attended with two very happy consequences. More land is actually cultivated than before, and in a better manner; and the stock of cattle is

much more considerable. All the means for far greater augmentation and improvement are at hand. At the same time many other channels for industry have been opened, which were formerly much obstructed in France: such as ship-building, manufactories, and commerce. The channels for inland commerce have indeed been opened and enlarged, and probably some manufactories have thus benefited, but external commerce may be regarded as annihilated, and many manufactories must have suffered in consequence.

In travelling through France, the increase and advancement of agriculture are admitted to be palpable, by those who have visited the country before the revolution. And in some parts it is not unusual to observe new farm-houses, and cottages, placed by the side of the old, or another story added, with the dates of 1793, 1794, &c. Every thing indicates greater comforts among the peasantry. Agriculture, as well as internal commerce and manufactures, must have gained by the abolition of the days of saints, only four grand solemnities being retained, and of other superstitious observances of the catholic system. But it would have been more advantageous to the government, as well as to the people, to have introduced an approximation to the protestant plan: in the present loose creed the native accuteness, and disposition to wit and ridicule, perceive too plainly the manifold absurdities in the catholic doctrine and practice, and the discordant immoralities of an unmarried clergy, to admit the real restoration of that system. By the constitution, if it may be quoted before it perish, the catholic religion is declared to be that of the nation; but ought not therefore to be implied to be predominant, or even that of the government. Nor is it necessary to be of that religion to hold even the highest offices. Yet religious freedom is not so complete as in the United States of America, where no sect is tolerated, because all are equal. A fondness for pomp and ceremony

seems to have been the chief recommendation of the catholic system, along with political designs, as the name and sanction of the pope continue to bear a great weight on the catholic countries of Europe. On the other hand the protestant system, as practised in the north, would be too bare and severe for the warm imaginations and ardent passions of southern climates. The people there must be excited to devotion by sensations and not by arguments; and the very idea of religion is essentially connected with pomp, show, and ceremony. They might become atheists, but not protestants. Their passions are also so fervid and uncontrollable by reason, that confession and absolution become the balm of their souls. It is not therefore the protestant system, but a modification of the catholic, which would be best received, and the most generally understood and practised. The prince in particular ought to be head of the church; and the marriage of priests to be allowed and even enforced.

The defenders of the new order of things allow that their conduct is a sufficient apology for the monarchy, as, in order to retain their power, they have been obliged to have recourse to the same means, and some yet more tyrannic; for ancient reputation, the grand defence of the former government, being at present annihilated, other fortifications become necessary. Though the priests be viewed with a jealous eye, and some recent incidents have shown that the greatest calamities, and the most severe experience cannot overcome their innate taste for persecution, so foreign to the genuine spirit of christianity, yet it is seriously allowed by men in power that they are necessary evils, and, like war, cannot be banished from society. Nor are the abominable persecutions of the atheistic party forgotten; compared with whom the priests, however ignorant and superstitious, may be regarded as benefactors of mankind. These advocates for the new order of things

also consider the republican form as foreign to the character and habits of the French nation; and think that, after such a violent effervescence and ebullition, severe restraints are indispensable for some time, in order to secure the national tranquillity. But after a period they still affect a hope that rational and practical liberty will be established, with just gradations and prudent precautions. If you demand what advantages the new system possesses over the ancient monarchy, they will say, "that strength and talents are united against feudality and superstition; that a new vigour is breathed into every department; that no attention being paid to birth, talents have at least a chance for promotion; that this accumulation of talents has been the cause of such an ascendancy as France never experienced during any former period of her history; and that this ascendancy must, in the very nature of things, continue to increase so long as the feudal privileges, and the hereditary want of abilities, continue to be respected in other countries, where it is the interest of France that they be preserved so far as her influence can extend, and thus contribute to a constant and increasing inferiority." In short, that universal sovereignty, so long the favourite ambition of France, is flattered by the new order of things; and the national vanity has unexpectedly become a barrier against the restoration of the monarchy.

The democratic party, on the contrary, execrate the perdition of their schemes of public freedom, the violation of so many constitutions, and so many oaths of allegiance; the humiliation of their country after the waste of so many efforts, and a prodigality of crimes. The foreign birth of the new dynasty, and the open contempt of the popular voice, are also subjects of resentment; though the nations of Europe have been long accustomed to see foreigners on their thrones; though the example of a sovereign having arisen from the middle class be in the

democratic order of the day ; though a foreign prince, having less claim to favour, will be more strictly watched, and it be generally the interest of the people that the monarch be hated ; though the popular voice have been so degraded, in lavishing applause to the basest assassins, that its approbation might be regarded as infamy. Still there are not a few who regret the constitution of 1793, though it led to so complete anarchy !

The conscription is the chief object of complaints, and justly regarded as a singular oppression, unknown in the monarchy, when the army was recruited by bribery, persuasion, and artifice. The conscription, by which all the youth of France may be called to arms, precisely at that period of life, when the expences of their sustenance and education being completed, they begin to fulfil the hopes of their parents and friends, often occasions the deepest domestic distress, and must be considered as a heavy balance against any advantages whatever. All their other professions must suffer from this military education, which estranges youth from application, and interrupts their progress. The extreme favour shown to military pursuits also tends to restore the reign of barbarism and the sword ; and it is to be apprehended that the arts and sciences will sink into decline. For though, at present, nobility being abolished, and wealth generally in the hands of intriguing upstarts, there are only two orders of men who retain great influence, the military and the distinguished men of letters, yet the pacific olive cannot shoot freely, nor bear much fruit, when planted under the strong and overbearing shade of the laurel. It of course dwindles ; and the oil which ought to feed the lamps of science becomes feeble or impure. The great preponderance of the military leaves the interests of science at the capricious nod of arbitrary power ; and though some of the sciences be necessarily connected with the theory and practice of war, and the arts be objects

of luxury, and it is to be hoped that learning will continue to be encouraged, if it were only for the national reputation and glory, as it has been justly observed, that the chief glory of every people arises from its authors, yet even the least timid entertain apprehensions that the camp may, as usual, be adverse to the gown.

In one respect, a visible degradation of literature, or at least of the literary character, has already taken place ; for a new power being fond of ardent admirers, and the Italians fond of flattery, dedications and passages begin to appear, worthy of the basest times of the Roman empire, when the senate chaunted hymns of adulation to their god the emperor. The names and praises of Alexander the great, Julius Cæsar, and Charlemagne, are only adduced as examples infinitely inferior to one of our own times. The purity of the French language, which only bowed in genteel acquiescence and proud duty before the native monarchs, is debased by barbarous hyperboles of flattery, and sighs in the mouth of slavish adulation. A truly great mind would despise and check these effusions, and regard 'a pot of incense as a poisonous perfume. To be praised with moderation and dignity, to be served by the hand, and not by the knee, would be the wish of modest and genuine heroism, which always reserves one ear for the voice of posterity. But in this respect the Italians, as may be judged from a late work of Denina, dedicated to the prince Eugene Beauharnois, show the greatest excess ; and it is to be hoped that their pitiful flattery will not find imitators, nor be considered as a symptom of the decline of literature.

In a comparative view of the advantages and disadvantages which have arisen to France from the revolution, the new improvements of the capital, the canals and highways, and many other objects of public utility, must not be forgotten. These improvements, some of which are very striking, and would do honour to any

Sovereign, contribute not a little to reconcile the French to the new order of things. The public money is not consumed by mistresses and greedy courtiers, but employed in laudable ameliorations. This then may be placed on the fair side of the medal; but so many objects remain for the reverse, that it is probable, after a most ample and fair discussion, that the question will be reserved for the decision of posterity.

The chief advantage of any government or change, is that it be for the advantage of the greater number. In other words, the improved or depressed condition of the poor may be assumed as a barometer, to show whether the political atmosphere be heavy or salutary. In this point of view, France has probably gained in the country, and lost in the cities, where the poor are reputed to have greatly increased. In the country, however, numbers of sturdy peasants will surround your carriage, on waiting for a change of horses; while in the cities there are few beggars. The aged and sickly poor ought doubtless to receive a maintenance from a tax on the superfluities of the rich; but it is a disgrace to a country to see healthy peasants begging alms, as it is evident that they only want occasions to employ their industry; and as there are so many waste lands in various quarters of the globe, perhaps a colonial conscription might be a salutary measure, as it would transport to distant regions and easy opportunities of industry, many hands and mouths which now only consume the industry of others. Some writers have pretended that France has a necessary occasion for colonies to evacuate the excess of her population; if so, this project would require no apology. The army, however, will continue to devour a considerable part of this excess; nor is it probably that the new government shall be reduced to say, with Sancho Panza in his island, "Let me alone to make money. I shall sell all my subjects, skin and bone, old and

young, male and female, fat and lean, they shall jump at so much a head. Down with your money, gentlemen." Certainly, if soldiers were to be sold, as in the dominions of some German princes, Bonaparte might clear an enormous fortune by the sale of his live stock. As the French laugh at every thing, even this mode of argument may be admitted; but on a serious view of the subject, the population of France is considered as of speedy increase, and as there are few or no colonies to drain this population, and leave a greater share of comforts for the remainder, it is probable that the increase of the poor in France will be considered as a convincing proof, that much has been lost by the revolution, as the monarchy presented more resources against this growing evil. It is true that the same evil exists even in countries which have ample colonies, but where the government, following a blind routine, can neither discover nor use new and grand remedies, for new and wide maladies; yet in the boldness and decision of the French government it would not be a matter of surprize that the useless poor capable of labour were gradually transported to distant countries, instead of consuming the bread which they do not earn; a measure which might at once alleviate the national distress, and remove what is justly regarded as the greatest reproach which can be made to any government, the number of the unhappy under its domination. Nor is there any other national remedy against the increase of idle poor, the greatest evil which can happen in society, and, in time, an infallible cause of subversion.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANACREON MOORE *versus* AMERICA.

SOME ardent lovers of their country are extremely offended with Moore, the Anacreontic poet, for

speaking contemptuously of America, in his poems, lately published. It appears to me that we cannot injure our own credit and debase our own dignity more than by allowing the smallest regard to such provocations. It is indeed imputing a hundred times more importance to the random censures of ignorant, self-conceited, and vagabond travelers than they deserve. As to Moore, in particular, I never heard of any merit he possessed beyond that of a writer of drinking songs and love ditties. Even his warmest admirers say no more of him, than that he drinks genteelly, plays well on the piano-forte, and writes very fine verses, and sings his own verses scientifically. Whatever dignity some may annex to these various accomplishments, they certainly do not imply any great capacity for impartially surveying the manners of a nation; and, instead of being greatly hurt that such a man should see nothing in America to interest and admire, it would be extremely wonderful, and truly mortifying to a rational American, if he had met with any thing deserving his praise. What are the circumstances which would possibly have interested him? What could have claimed his respect? A knowledge of his general character, and a perusal of his works, will tell us *what*. He must have found plenty of excellent Madeira; many admirers of such writers as Anacreon, Tibullus, and Secundus; many who conceive the highest human excellence to consist in keeping up a contest of singing, drinking, and jesting till midnight, over a dinner table, in producing an extemporary epigram, or quoting a luscious description. They must be learned; that is, they must be able to retail sentences of Greek and Latin in common conversation. They must be polite; that is, they must give suppers, and preside at them with well adjusted elbows, a cravat fresh from the laundress, and indefatigable attention to the great man who is their guest. They must possess a refined taste; that is, they must be

able to select the best Madeira and Champaigne: poetry, that is, song writing, and music, that is, song singing, must be the business of their lives. Their philosophy must be truly orthodox, and admit nothing into her list of *bona et delecta* but a sparkling glass and a handsome courtesan. Had Moore found plenty of such people as these in America, no doubt he would have honoured us with a full share of his approbation; and those good citizens who now wince under the lash of his satire, would probably have escaped some of the mortifications he has made them suffer.

I have heard of serious *answers* being published to his sarcasms. This surely is descending too low. What answer can be made? What is there to confute? Moore seems merely to have described his own impressions, and to have described them truly. He took a hasty flight through the country, stopping wherever he could find wit, wine, and a reader of Anacreon; and as these are scarce among us, or he did not chance to gain access to many of the haunts of our choice spirits, he was of course disgusted with such a dull, ignorant, tasteless crew, and honestly acknowledges that he only found himself in his proper element in the cabin of an English frigate, where jest, song, and the bottle are the only resources from the tedium of a long cruise.

He has indeed retold a few tales of scandal, which he could not avoid hearing, and which he probably never heard contradicted; and to fret and fume at such a misdemeanour as this would be truly absurd.

The proper mode of treating the reproaches of such a traveller is exemplified in an exquisite piece of *badinage*, which originally appeared in a southern newspaper, and which I beg leave to insert here.

The good people of Virginia may remember, that some time since this little cock-sparrow of a songster came hopping across the Atlantic, to sing his amours in the wilds of America. As we had seen nothing

of the kind so chirping and so light, he was much noticed and admired, and every one was delighted to hear the little bird chirrup his Greek. He could make rhymes on any and every *little* thing; a nose, an eye, a cheek, a curl, a lip, the tip of an ear, a little fly, a flea, or a gnat's toe-nail enchanted him. He looked like a being born in a jelly glass, handed round on a cake, fed on sugar plums, and educated among the dreams of fancy; the little spirit could hide himself under a lady's eye lash, and expire with delight; in his odes he gets into a million of scrapes, jumps from a tendril, hides in a curl, sips from a lip, perches on a bosom, tumbles from a tucker, gets on the edge of many a precipice without falling over, and to the mouth of dreadful caverns without tumbling in. Always singing, sighing, and evaporating, one would think he had a thousand souls charged from his electric fancy, each ready to fly without any other contact than the atmosphere *only* of a Dulcinea.

America, it seems, afforded this pretty fellow many of these visionary delights, and he had many opportunities of dying inexpressibly at Bermuda; but the little ingrate no sooner gets home than he begins to abuse us. In a note to his poems he says, "The women of Bermuda are not generally handsome, but they have an affectionate langour in their look which is interesting; they have a pre-disposition to *loving*, which, without being awakened by any particular object, diffuses itself through the general manner, in a tone that never fails to fascinate. The men of the island are not very civilized, and the old philosophers, who imagined that, after this life, men would be changed into *mules*, and *women* into *turtle doves*, would find metamorphosis in some degree anticipated at Bermuda!" *Of William and Mary college*, that has produced so many men great in science, particularly in politics and oratory, he says, "This college gave me but a melancholy idea of republican seats of learning. The contempt for the ele-

gances of education is no where more grossly conspicuous than in Virginia. The levelling system is applied to education, and has all the effect which its partizans could desire, by producing a most extensive *equality of ignorance*." He then, in defiance of the bishop, rails at the morals too of the place. Of poor *Norfolk*, which is the threshold over which all travellers stumble, he says:

"Norfolk, it must be owned, is an unfortunate specimen of America. The characteristics of Virginia in general are not such as can delight either the politician or the moralist, and at Norfolk they are exhibited in their *least* attractive form. At the time that we arrived, the yellow fever had not then disappeared, and every *odour* that assailed us in the streets very *strongly* accounted for its visitation. It is *in truth* a most *disagreeable place*, and the best the journalist or geographer can say of it is, that it abounds in *dogs, negroes, and in democrats*." If there is no truth in these remarks of Moore, we ought to pity him instead of being angry with him—for he was so near to the ground that every odour assailed him with double effect, and he had such microscopic eyes, that he could see worms in the fairest face; but he could neither see any thing large, or write on any subject that required a capacious mental survey. He used to ask where were our poets? had we any? We had scarce a songster among us. He was afraid to look at that terrible Trumbull, with his "sword trenchant." Dwight's ode voice was too strong to whisper imbecilities to the flaxen ear locks of ideal beauty. Barlow would have rolled him in one corner of Manco Capac's white robe, to screen his frail form from the warring winds of the Andes; and Humphreys would have sent him sailing adrift in a little toy ship to sing songs to the fishes in the waters of his western world: but all these adventures, Moore, from the peculiar structure of his eyes, happily avoided, and he is still hastily

flying from lip to lip with his wings all dripping from the honey pot of Anacreon, and his bill full of sweetmeats for the pretty cuckoos of poetry.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. XI.

To the Reflector.

SIR,
I ACKNOWLEDGE I was much pleased with your 9th paper, wherein you ironically praised a certain very fashionable species of politeness. Indeed I had almost formed an opinion, that you was a tolerable clever fellow, until I discovered that you, instead of being polite yourself, had the ill manners and audacity to place the *gentleman* before the *lady*, in mentioning; here I take the liberty of telling you, you were certainly wrong, as all the world knows we (the ladies) have, and ought to have, the precedence, and are determined to maintain it. Certainly you must be some old bachelor, and think yourself too far advanced in life to make the good will of our sex an object of importance in your estimation, and therefore you care not if you affront them. Now, sir, if you are not willing to be considered as such, I pray you will mend your manners in future, and like the boy, smarting under the maternal rod, promise "to do so no more," and thereby escape the vengeance, or rather the contempt of those whom you have so much neglected. I am, sir, yours, as you behave yourself.

FRANCES FASHION.

P. S. As I do not wish *fear* to be your only motive to better manners, I inform you (as a favour) that even *old bachelors*, if they merit it, are sometimes honoured by being permitted to lead one of us to the altar of Hymen; consequently if you are

not very old too, you may, by a proper behaviour, be yet admitted into that country where obdurate bachelors can never enter.

I am sorry that the urgency of many weighty considerations, obliges me to take the field against so formidable an antagonist as a *lady*. Like a general of an army who fights a pitched battle, I ought to have time to chuse my ground, to prepare my arms, and to encourage my soldiers, before the "blast of war" sounds in my ears. But here I am cooped up in a small field; wherever I turn, I find a retreat impracticable, and myself compelled to fight or surrender at discretion: I chuse the former, and will proceed as regularly as I can.

That the ladies are generally noticed first, I am willing to admit (particularly the spinsters, of which description I have my own reasons for thinking my correspondent one); but that they have a positive right to the precedence, I deny; it has been yielded to them by our sex (in polished nations) by way of courtesy, and, if I am not very much mistaken, only during good behaviour.

Man was created first, he was appointed "*lord* of the creation," and, as we are further informed by the same sacred authority, woman was created from one of his ribs, to be a "*helpmate* unto him," because it was "not good for him to be alone." To this doctrine I subscribe, with all possible satisfaction, believing them to be (many of them at least) very good helpmates. In what light they were viewed, or in what estimation they were held, by the very old fashioned husbands of the times in question, I cannot tell.—History informs us that in after ages they were very good helpmates indeed, and performed all the duties of their station in the best manner, serving their lords and masters with great fidelity and affection; were it necessary I could quote some excellent stories to this effect, from many good writers of those days, but they would take up too much room; I

will therefore content myself with one or two. The first was the wife described by that wise Jew, king Solomon; another was Penelope, the mother of Telemachus; a third was the wife of Hector the Trojan prince. Here the very business which constituted one of her employments is mentioned; she is first told by her husband, whom she seems to have loved very tenderly, not to interfere in his concerns, but

"Hasten to thy tasks at home,
There *guide the spindle and direct the loom.*"

This good lady seems to have been in no want of employment, and is one among the many proofs which I might offer, to show that *we* had the precedence in the earliest times.

But the ladies may think that this picture is not a just one, and that the condition of their sex, at that time, was not the one for which nature intended them: let them then appeal to the united testimony of travellers who have visited those countries where men (and women too) live in a state approaching nearest to a natural one; there, we are told, they perform the most laborious duties. Among the aborigines of America, they carry home the game which their husbands kill; they plant and reap the corn; they dress the provisions, &c., &c., while their husbands sit calmly smoking their pipes, or, deeply intent on destruction, plan some hostile enterprise, some secret ambush, or midnight slaughter of the foes of their nation.

Among the Africans the practice prevails, and among *every* people in a state of nature, women are considered as helpmates in fact, and are compelled to bear a full share of the toils of life. My fair correspondent, who now appears to my mental eye arrayed in the charms of offended beauty, turning up her beautiful nose at me, with mingled anger and contempt, will ask if I consider *these black creatures* on an equality with her: certainly, they are so; and though *I* would rather kneel at the

feet of my correspondent, provided she is moderately fair and comely, than kiss the most lovely squaw or negress the world can produce, yet I must acknowledge, and she likewise, that they are distant relations.

I have some where read, that, in Wales, where the people are said to be *white*, the men chuse women to be their helpmates, for which, by their industry, they are well qualified; and as in some countries, men marry only when they have *made a fortune*, there, they marry *to make one*, which, it is said, no labouring Welchman can do without a wife.

In some instances, the established practice of my own countrymen argues an approval of my conduct. No lady marries a gentleman, but gentlemen marry ladies; our names are always mentioned first, and why? because they promise us obedience. Whether they perform their promise or not, does not concern a bachelor, but would the ladies have one name the servant before the master? Certainly not; this would be a species of ill manners not very common.

There are some exceptions to every general rule, and this is not without them. Some men have found to their cost, that they were not masters, and in these cases I am willing to allow, that as the wife has the precedence in reality, she should also have it in form.

When, or by whom the precedence was given to the ladies, I know not, nor does it make a material difference. I am not one of those who would hinder them from swaying a pleasing and powerless sceptre, but I only wish to convince miss Fashion, that it is through favour, and not by right, they are entitled to it. I am, *in truth*, a "bachelor," but not a "*very*" old one. However, I mean (to use my correspondent's own words) "to do so no more," as I am not without the hope of leading one of the sisterhood to the altar myself, but there, I tell them candidly, *I* will have the precedence.

VALVERDI.

September 15th, 1806.

For the Literary Magazine.

DECLINE OF WIT IN FRANCE.

By Mr. Pinkerton.

A FEW years before the revolution, the *marquis de Bievre*, and other very ingenious gentlemen, began to taint the French language and conversation with the most miserable puns called *calembourgs*. The ancient puns, and those of the English language, turn on the identity of the word, in sound and orthography, but difference of meaning. The French, on the contrary, are even worse if possible, as they ring on the mere sound of one or more words, though the orthography may be extremely different. Thus *cinq louis* are made to jingle with *St. Louis*; *belle* with *sel*; *de l'onguent gris* with *de longs gants gris*. M. de Boufflée, who was capable of better things, made the following verses, which unaccountably retain great vogue at Paris :

Vous savez bien, mes chers amis,
Qu'il faut des *coqs* pour cocher nos pou-
lettes ;
Vous savez bien qu'il faut des *nids*,
Pour loger aussi leves petits ;
Vous savez bien que nos fillettes
Forment des *lacs* ou nous sommes tous
pris :
Or, de ce *nids* de ces *coqs*, de ces *lacs*,
L'Amour a formé *Nicola*.

Voltaire, on his last visit to Paris, was quite astonished at the deluge of false wit, and regarded the *calembourg* as the bane of conversation and good sense. Yet it still continues to retain some degree of favour, especially as the new rich have no great pretensions to taste, and the art of making *calembourgs* is easily acquired, the only secret being to attend to the sound of the words and forget the sense.

It is not a little remarkable, that the latter part of the reign of James I, and the beginning of that of his successor, form the chosen period of

puns in England. Orators punned in parliament, preachers in the pulpit, and counsellors at the bar. These trifling meteors have, therefore, in both countries, preceded violent tempests ; and one might almost imagine that there is a moral atmosphere, the changes of which have certain auguries, like those of the physical.

There are even studied ramifications of false wit : the *jeu des mots*, *equivogue*, *pointe*, *quolibet*, *loga-l'ane*, *amphigouli*, &c., all distinguished with metaphysical exactness : but these may be regarded as species, while *calembourg* forms the genus. Some derive the word from the Italian *calamajo burlare*, to play with the pen ; but this seems a forced and unnatural etymology, as the effect is, on the contrary, produced by the mere effect of sound, and in many instances can scarcely be represented by the pen. The more natural derivation seems to be from the town of *Calembourg*, in Flanders, of which either the curate published bad jests, or the lord made them. Nor need it be mentioned that men of talents have never stooped to this buffoonery, which is chiefly to be found among the women and the *petits-maitres*, who amuse themselves with it as they used to do with *bilboquet*, or cup and ball.

For the Literary Magazine.

GEOGRAPHICAL SYSTEMS.

GEOGRAPHY is a singular word, inasmuch as the meaning is the most capricious and anomalous that can be conceived. It seems to comprehend every thing, as it is usually employed, and, if stripped of all those adjuncts which properly belong to other sciences, it is left naked and contemptible. In those works which are commonly called geographical systems, we find a medley of all kinds of knowledge. A little of civil history, of natural his-

tory, of politics, of morals, of philology, of all the arts, and of all the branches of natural philosophy; a hotch-potch of all these makes up a system of geography, in which the principal geographical circumstance is the arrangement. All these scraps and sketches being placed in the order of countries, as they stand upon the globe, serve as an excuse for the title.

The truth is, that geography, which, in a strict sense, means no more than an account of the dimensions, shapes, and relative positions of the various lands and waters on the surface of this our globe, would be, singly and by itself, extremely uninteresting and unprofitable. This species of knowledge is only attractive and only useful as the handmaid and auxiliary of other sciences. It is particularly the companion and guide of history, all whose details are dark, confused, and unintelligible without its assistance: but this appears to be no sufficient reason why geography and history should be mixed together in the same work. The writer's plan confining him to certain limits, his historical and philosophical details only encroach upon the space that ought to be devoted to knowledge strictly geographical, and thus, though he swells himself out to two bulky volumes, his description of countries is extremely vague and superficial, and never satisfies a curiosity that wishes to go beyond half a dozen general facts.

L.

For the Literary Magazine.

IMPROVEMENTS IN PARIS SINCE
THE LAST REVOLUTION.

By Mr. Pinkerton.

BESIDES the two new bridges, for the Pont Rouge is only a restitution, the improvements which have taken place at Paris, since Bonaparte seized the reins of government, have

been not a little numerous and important. According to some, more has been accomplished in three years, than was done during the whole eighteenth century under the house of Bourbon, when mistresses and pimps embezzled the public treasure.

To begin with the palace of the Thuilleries, a new chapel in the interior, and a new and splendid hall for the reception of ambassadors, were began in spring 1805, not less than four hundred workmen being employed; and the quantity of carved stones, for pillars, pilasters, architraves, and other decorations, sufficiently evinced the grandeur of the design.

The great square of the Carousal had been wholly new paved, with great subterraneous sewers, which in winter was singularly inconvenient, in the very front of the palace. The iron railing, and the bronze horses had long since supplanted with great advantage the blind wall and paltry shops which formerly disgraced the chief front of this edifice.

On the other side of the square, the Hotel Longueville, has been chipped and repaired, so as to assume the appearance of a new building, and is converted into barracks, with an inscription in golden characters over the gate, *Ecuries del empereur et roy*. On the right hand, the open arcades under the gallery of the Louvre have been begun.—On the other side, the street of St. Nicaise, of which many houses had been injured by the explosion of the infernal machine, has been demolished, so as to increase the extent and beauty of this noble square.

The street north of the Thuilleries has been new paved, and the descent considerably lessened: several mean houses have here been pulled down, and a noble arcade or portico is actually begun, and is intended to be carried as far as the Garde Meuble, or whole length of the garden of the Thuilleries. From this new and grand street, two others have

been opened into the street Honoré and Place Vendôme, the effect of the latter being particularly grand. In order to open this street along the north side of the garden, it was necessary to demolish, among other buildings, the famous hall of the convention, formerly the king's riding-house, only a few niches of which remain in the garden wall. If curiosity lead a traveller to the Hotel de Ville to view the chamber where Robespierre was shot, he will be disappointed by the changes which have taken place in the interior of that mansion; since the préfet of Paris has been lately transferred thither from the Place Vendôme.

On the other side of the garden next the Seine, the noble terrace has been lengthened one third, with the sole sacrifice of some insignificant nurseries and hovels for gardeners, together with a miserable image of Rousseau in plaster, placed by the hand of philosophic fanaticism, in defiance of every rule of taste or elegance.

The high dome of the Assumption is permitted to stand, as presenting, though with some defects, a grand object on one side of the gardens, while the dome of the Invalids is seen on the others. But men were employed in demolishing the church, and, I believe, the portico, for some supposed that it would have been permitted to stand as a neat piece of architecture.

On the opposite side of the river a noble quay has been conducted from the bridge of the Tuilleries to that of Concord, and is called the quay Bonaparte. This part of the embankment had been singularly neglected, and was disgraced by an enormous gutter, which during rains or thaws was extremely troublesome even to carriages. An arch is now thrown over it: and the beauty of this quay, constructed with freestone, is equal to the expedition of its accomplishment. Here are some capital hotels, among others that of Salm, now that of the Legion of Honour; and it is supposed that others

will be constructed instead of the large chantiers, or yards for timber used as fuel, several of which still exist upon this noble quay, in situations which command the finest views of the river, gardens of Tuilleries, and Elysian fields.

In front of the Invalids, the large lion of St. Mark, brought from Venice, has been recently erected on a high and decorated pedestal, with an inscription in honour of the emperor.

The fountain in the street Grenelle has been beautified; but with the usual mixture of magnificence and littleness, paltry signs of milk-sellers, &c., disgrace the architecture, as large white stockings, and other signs disfigure the turrets of the Pont Neuf.

A great number of houses has been taken down, in order to open a square before the noble vestibule of St. Sulpice. But as no new erection has here taken place, the disfigured ends of the standing houses do not present agreeable objects.

The numerous demolitions were certainly more easy to accomplish, than at any other period, as property had become insecure; and I have not been able to learn distinctly in what manner the citizens were recompensed, but have been told, with a sneer, that the government paid its own price. At the same time, all these boasted improvements are rather objects of beauty than utility. It is true that shows are perhaps as necessary for the people, especially the Parisian people, as bread; and even the poor must have their amusements. This is the apology for the frequent exhibition of fire-works; and it has been doubted, whether the mob would not prefer the feast of their eyes to any other. Yet a wise government will certainly prefer utility to any other consideration; and if the millions squandered on Versailles had been expended in widening every street in Paris, and in making foot-paths along them, the name of Louis XIV would have been

far more highly venerated by posterity. The streets in that part called the University, or the Latin quarter, are so narrow, dirty, and inconvenient, that they disgrace the capital, and loudly call for the interposition of government, which should demand the plans of able architects for this great object. In many places, squares might be opened; in others, two parallel streets thrown into one. In the part called the city, some passages, called streets, are so narrow, that if two wheel-barrows met, great would be the embarrassment. It was said of Augustus, that he found Rome brick, and left it marble; and I think historians tell us, that he beautified the whole city by opening wide streets, and rewarding the erection of handsome houses. It appears also from the streets discovered at Pompeii and Herculaneum, that the ancients anticipated us, in the use of foot-pavements. It has however been the singular happiness of the English plan of government, that the ease and comfort of the people have been studied; and that idle splendour has been sacrificed to lasting utility.

But to proceed with some other improvements, which still deserve praise, in waiting till the useful shall have become fashionable at Paris, we must not forget the new hot-house, and other buildings in the garden of plants, nor the new bridge, an object of solid utility. A new quay is also about to be constructed in the city; and the proposed square at the Bastile will have its merit. The attention of the government seems hitherto to have been occupied with the environs of the palace; but after this object is accomplished, it is to be hoped that the other parts of the city will not escape observation.

Among the most capital improvements, must not be forgotten the new canal, or rather aqueduct, which is to join the river Ourq with the Seine, conveying a copious supply of good water to the eastern part of the city.

It is intended to construct a grand bason at the Bastile surrounded with an elegant square of houses. The commencement of the works was performed with considerable solemnity on the 23d of September, 1802. The magistrates of Paris and the prefect of the department proceeded to the house of the minister of the interior, whence a grand procession commenced. On arriving at the spot, the prefect made a speech enumerating many improvements performed, by the most extraordinary man of his age: the three bridges, the demolition of the tower of the Châtelet, in the place of which a square is opened, the demolition of the wretched houses which disfigured a part of the Louvre, the new quay Bonaparte. From the speech of the minister the following extract may suffice.

"It is not sufficient to feed some fountains, to furnish drink for this immense capital; there must be water to wash the streets, and clean the aqueducts. This element is also necessary for prompt and easy service in cases of fire, and to embellish our gardens and squares. Completely to accomplish this design, it was necessary to turn the course of a river, open a new bed, and bring the whole to Paris, that its abundant waters may suffice for the consumption and numerous wants of this capital. The river Ourq appeared the most proper for this purpose, being at no great distance from Paris, and at a sufficient elevation to admit an easy distribution into most parts of the city. In the time of the greatest drought, it will furnish a quantity of water twenty times more considerable than what is absolutely necessary for the service of the city."

In the autumn 1804, I went to see this canal near Bondy, but had not time to examine it throughout the forest, where I was told by a Polish general, an able and practical judge, that the works deserved attention from the novelty, and boldness of the execution in cutting through a considerable eminence.

*For the Literary Magazine.*LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL
INTELLIGENCE FROM EUROPE.

WHEN M. de Saussure travelled in the Upper Alps, about twenty years ago, he remarked, for the first time, that immense fields of snow were tinged by a red powder, the origin of which he could not ascertain. To accomplish this object, he collected some of the powder, and subjected it to experiments; but his doubts on this head were far from being cleared up; for, although it appeared to be of a vegetable nature, his attempts to discover the plant to which it belonged did not succeed. This last consideration at first induced him to regard it as the product of a singular combination of some earth, separated from the snow with air and light: but he afterwards returned to his first opinion, and regarded it as the seminal dust of some plant, probably of the cryptogamous kind. He was farther confirmed in this opinion on his ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc, when he reflected that the snow was never found tinged with this red matter, but at a certain and determined height, where many Alpine plants grew, and only during the season of their fecundation; and that at the summit of this mountain, which was wholly destitute of vegetation, the snow uniformly appeared of the most perfect whiteness. He was, besides, anxious to learn whether a similar phenomenon did not occur in other mountainous regions.

This circumstance, says M. Ramond, in the memoirs of the French National Institute, I had it lately in my power fully to ascertain, as I observed that the snow was of this red colour in the Upper Pyrenees.

I have met with this coloured snow in the spring and during thaws, on mountains at the height of between two thousand and two thousand four hundred metres. In some places I observed this reddish tint in the furrows produced by the melting of the snow; but it was more particularly

evident, and of a deeper shade, at the junction of several furrows, where a multitude of rills had deposited this colouring matter. I collected a portion of this snow, and allowed it to dissolve spontaneously. The fluid thus obtained became almost immediately clear, and the red powder was precipitated to the bottom of the vessel. Saussure doubtless had not observed this excess of weight, so opposite to that of a vegetable powder, which is specifically lighter than water; but this is the only one of its characters which is in opposition to its other sensible properties. On being exposed to a slight degree of heat, it exhales sometimes a smell like that of opium, and at others similar to that of plants belonging to the chicoraceous tribe; when the heat is augmented, it swells and bubbles up like vegetable substances, diffusing the odour peculiar to them.

It remained to be sought whether the places where this powder was found might not throw some light upon its origin. I was engaged in botanizing on the highest of the Pyrenean mountains seven years, and had collected from fifteen to eighteen hundred species: these I carefully examined but did not meet with any whose pollen answered, either by its colour or abundance, to the phenomenon in question.

The first time I noticed this appearance, I was in a country abounding with granite; the snow was detached from the rocks by a partial thaw, but it was evident it had once been in a close contact with them; and at the origin of all the furrows, which carried down the coloured powder, I found very dark red grains, whence the tint evidently proceeded. What was my astonishment when, on examining them more narrowly, I discovered them to be small particles of mica, in a state of singular decomposition. This was not a simple oxidation of the iron contained in the mica, but a complete transformation of the whole substance into a light, red, and pulverulent matter. Many of these particles were completely

changed, while others of them were but superficially altered. I selected these last, and scraped off the powder with which they were covered. This was really the colouring powder of the snow, and this substance, the mineral origin of which was thus proved, assumed a vegetable character in my crucible.

On the following year, I found the red snow on the mountains in the form of micaceous schistus. Since which I have frequently discovered it, and always on lands abounding with mica. On Mont Perdu, and the surrounding tertiary mountains, I discovered the rose tint on the snow which covered the glacier of *Tuque Rouye*. On examining the rocks, however, all the hard grey stones were intermixed with almost imperceptible particles of mica.

The production of the red powder does not depend on the presence of mica alone, but requires the concurrence of certain circumstances, which can only take place in the middle regions of these mountains, as also a concurrence of particular seasons and temperature, joined to a proper degree of oxigenation in the snow: it is particularly evident in those places, and during that season, in which the elements most strongly tend to form new combinations. Nature, indeed, appears equally incapable of producing it at those immense heights, where her energies are enchained by a perpetual winter, or in the lowest regions, where they are exhausted by successive vegetation.

On the whole, from the facts stated respecting the conversion of mica into a powder which acquires all the characters of a vegetable production, it appears to open a vast field for inquiry, respecting the means employed by nature in the successive production of organized beings from the molecules of inanimate matter.

The secretary of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Lisbon, M. Francisco de Borja Carcajo Stockler, has published lately the first volume of his works, consisting of eulogies

on various distinguished characters, among which is one on the celebrated M. D'Alembert; with some remarks on fluxions, that appear deserving of public attention, and reflect the highest credit on the author: it also contains a very interesting memoir on the maritime discoveries of the Portuguese in the fifteenth century.

Improvements in agriculture, in chemistry, in manufactures, and in mechanics, are the great objects for which the London Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c., was established, more than half a century ago, and in the pursuit of these a number of public-spirited individuals have expended annually large sums of money, independently of the time and attention which they bestow in the advancement of the best interests of their country and the world. Among the various inventions and improvements that have lately received the sanction and premiums of this disinterested society, the following are the most important:—Mr. Vanderman's invention of cheap and durable paints made with fish oil, for which the inventor received the society's silver medal and twenty guineas. This paint is said to be superior to all others for cheapness and durability, equal to any in beauty, and not subject to blister or peel off by the sun. The method and expence of refining one ton of fish-oil may be thus described:

| | £. | s. | d. |
|--|----|----|-----|
| One ton of fish-oil, or 252 gallons | 36 | 0 | 0 |
| 32 gallons of vinegar, at 2s. per gallon | 3 | 4 | 0 |
| 12 lbs. litharge, at 5d. per lb. | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| 12 lbs. white copperas, at 6d. per lb. | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| 12 gallons of linseed oil, at 4s. 6d. per gallon | 2 | 14 | 0 |
| 2 gallons of spirits of turpentine, at 8s. | 0 | 16 | 0 |
| 298 gallons cost | £ | 43 | 5 0 |

But the oil thus prepared is worth 4s. 6d. per gallon, or 67l. 1s., leaving a profit of 23l. 16s. on every ton of oil.

As a specimen of the paints des-

cribed by Mr. Vanderman, we copy the method and expence of preparing what he denominates the

SUBDUED GREEN.

| | |
|---|---------|
| Fresh lime water, 6 gallons | 0 0 3 |
| Road dirt, fine sifted, 112 lbs. | 0 1 0 |
| Whiting, 112 lbs. | 0 2 4 |
| Blue black, 30 lbs. | 0 2 6 |
| Wet blue, 20 lbs. | 0 10 0 |
| Residue of the oil, 3 gallons at 2s. per gallon | 0 6 0 |
| Yellow ochre, in powder, 24lb. | 0 2 0 |
| | <hr/> |
| | £.1 4 1 |

The whole composition will weigh 368 lb., of course the expence is at a rate less than one penny per lb: but to render it fit for use, to every eight pounds add a quart of the incorporated oil, and the same quantity of linseed oil, and it will be found a paint possessed of every requisite quality of beauty, durability, and cheapness; and in this state of preparation it does not exceed two-pence half-penny per lb., whereas the coal tar of the same colour is six-pence.

Upon the same principles, *lead* colour may be made for less than two-pence per lb.; a *bright green* for about three-pence farthing per lb.; a *stone* colour for two-pence per lb.; and a *brown red* for one penny per lb.

In an additional communication from Mr. V., we have a receipt for a constant white, for the inside painting of houses, which, though not divested of smell in the operation, will become dry in four hours, and all the smell gone in that time. The composition of this paint is thus described:

To one gallon of spirit of turpentine, add two pounds of frankincense; let it simmer over the fire until dissolved, strain it, and bottle it for use. To a gallon of the oil add one quart of this, shake them well together, and bottle it also. Let any quantity of white-lead be ground with the spirits of turpentine very

fine, then add a sufficient portion of the last mixture to it, until it is fit for laying on. If in working it grows thick, it must be thinned with spirits of turpentine. It is a flat or dead white.

Mrs. Jane Richardson has obtained from this society twenty guineas, as a premium for the following description of the process for clearing feathers from their animal oil:

Take for every gallon of clear water, one pound of quick lime; mix them well together, and when the undissolved lime is precipitated in fine powder, pour off the clear lime water for use, at the time it is wanted. Put the feathers in another tub, and add to them a quantity of the clear lime water, sufficient to cover the feathers about three inches, when well immersed and stirred about therein. The feathers, when thoroughly moistened, will sink down, and should remain in the lime water three or four days, after which the foul liquor should be separated from the feathers by laying them on a sieve. The feathers should be afterwards well washed in clean water, and dried upon nets, which will take up about three weeks.

To Mrs. Morrice has been adjudged fifteen guineas for a method of cleansing silk, woollen, and cotton goods, without damage to the texture or colour, which is thus performed:

Grate raw potatoes to a fine pulp in clean water, and pass the liquid matter through a coarse sieve into another vessel of water; let the mixture stand till the fine white particles of the potatoes are precipitated, then pour the mucilaginous liquor from the fecula, and preserve the liquor for use. The article to be cleaned should then be laid upon a linen cloth on a table; and having provided a clean sponge, dip the sponge in the potatoe liquor, and apply it to the article to be cleaned till the dirt is perfectly separated, then wash it in clean water several times. Two middle-sized potatoes will be sufficient for a pint of water.

The white fecula will answer the

purpose of tapioca, and make an useful nourishing food with soup or milk, or serve to make starch and hair powder. The coarse pulp, which does not pass the sieve, is of great use in cleaning worsted curtains, tapestry, carpets, or other coarse goods.

The mucilaginous liquor will clean all sorts of silk, cotton, or woollen goods, without hurting or spoiling the colour; it is also useful in cleaning oil-paintings, or furniture that is soiled. Dirty painted wainscots may be cleansed by wetting a sponge in the liquor, then dipping it in a little fine clean sand, and afterwards rubbing the wainscot with it.

Under the article *manufactures* we notice the gold medal adjudged to Mr. William Corston, for Leghorn plait hats, &c. This is undoubtedly an invention of great importance to England, as we are told that the importation of this article of dress, during the ten years previously to Mr. Corston's method of manufacture, would furnish employment for 5000 female children and young women, and give cultivation to two thousand acres annually of very poor land to raise the straw, unfit for other culture; and thus diffuse the means of support and happiness to many hundreds of poor families, by the healthy and productive employment it will afford their children.

The silver medal and forty guineas have been voted to Mr. Joseph Baird, for a machine for cutting and crooking wires for cards employed in carding cotton and wool. This machine occupies a space of 14 inches square; it is worked by a handle, on the axis of which a small fly-wheel is fixed; it receives two wires at the same time from two barrels or reels, on each of which a coil of wire is placed; the wires are drawn forward from thence on turning the handle of the machine, they pass through two rollers, and are cut and double crooked as they advance within it: the wires, when properly formed for pricking into the leathers, drop down into a re-

ceptacle under the machine. The advantages expected from this invention are, 1. The great expedition with which the machine does the business; 2. The great extent to which it may be employed; 3. That it does not waste wire as other machines do, on account of its feeding itself, which is a very material advantage.

To Mr. Austin, of Glasgow, was adjudged the silver medal for various improvements made by him in manufactures: among these, in the manufacture of muslins, lawns, &c., are spotting shuttles, that save clipping and the waste of spotting yarn to nearly seven-eighths of its whole value, and the pattern improved thereby. Some of the machinery is worked by a single touch of the weaver's finger, although there be one hundred spots in the breadth of the web; and it is done in the same space of time that one of these spots was formerly worked by the weaver, who usually kept a boy on each side of him, each working spot after spot with his fingers: these spots are called brocaded or finger spots. Another part of the machinery goes obliquely through the shed of the web, and will make any figure of a spot on a plain or twilled mounted web, without hiddles or treadles. A third instrument will answer, with pressers, to keep down the yarn that is not in the spot, without spotting hiddles or treadles. The next improvement is a universal ravel or snife, useful at the beaming of all kinds of webs. This machine, which costs but 30s., is of itself complete, and will beam from the coarsest to the finest web, and to any breadth required; whereas by those in common use, 120 different ones are necessary, the value of which is more than 120l.

Mr. Austin has laid before the society specimens of types or figures, formed of burnt clay or porcelain, for printing patterns upon calicoes, or designs for articles to be sewed or tamboured. These types are not liable to be destroyed by fire, nor by lying in a damp place. They may

be made to a certain depth, so as to be varied at pleasure, the same as letter press printing types. A certain number may be marked on each type, to ascertain the exact proportion of the price of tambouring or sewing; the rates of the same work being frequently very irregular, for want of a regular standard to calculate them by. They may be purchased at half, or even one fourth, of those cut in wood; they are equally durable, or more so, and may be made finer than any cut in wood.

In May, the marquis of Stafford's magnificent collection of pictures were exhibited at London, and continue to be exhibited every Wednesday, from twelve till five o'clock, to those who are fortunate enough to be honoured with tickets, which, from the high attraction of the spectacle, and the necessity of keeping the rooms free from a crowd, have hitherto been principally confined to persons of the first rank, first-rate connoisseurs, and first-rate artists. To the last description of gentlemen the marquis has most liberally granted tickets that will admit themselves and a friend during the whole time the rooms remain open.

The manner in which the pictures are arranged is highly judicious; the various schools being displayed in the different rooms, and hung upon a sort of fawn-coloured stucco, by lines of the same colour, suspended to rods, which are fixed at the top of each room; so that any picture may be removed, and another put in its place, without the least difficulty. Each visitant receives at the door a printed catalogue of the pictures, which he returns when he leaves the rooms.

This catalogue displays marks of candour and an honourable regard to truth, which we have rarely witnessed in the list of a collection. A very fine picture of St. John with the Lamb, from which the late Mr. Major engraved a print, and which the late Mr. Gainsborough considered as an uncommonly fine original picture by Morillo, and made a copy of the

same size, to keep in his possession as a study, and of which the many connoisseurs who saw it expressed the highest admiration; this picture, for which the late duke of Bridgewater paid a very large sum of money, is in this catalogue stated to be a copy; the original picture having been purchased by sir Simon Clarke (we believe from the religious house for which it was painted), and by him imported to this country. This is eminently candid and honourable; and to it may be added, that many very capital pictures, where the painters could not be positively ascertained, have no painter's name inserted in the catalogue.

To describe all the first-rate works in this most splendid collection, would far exceed our bounds; indeed, with very few exceptions, the whole are in the very first class, and give the idea of a national establishment, rather than of the collection of an individual.

There are several of a most capital description by Titian: one of them, a Jupiter and Leda, is in a passage that leads to the gallery, and in a frame that is opened by a private spring.

There are several by Nicolo Poussin; the Moses striking the Rock, and the Marriage Feast at Cana of Galilee we think superior (if possible) to the celebrated picture of the Plague, in Mr. Hope's collection.—The marquis is very rich in the school of the Carrachis. There is a small and very beautiful picture of Schidoni on a similar subject to one by Coreggio, which hangs in the same room. There are a number of pictures by Teniers, and generally in his very best style; and several by Adrian Ostade. Many very fine productions by Rubens. The tiger lying down and playing is a singularly beautiful picture. Of the English school there are several: a sketch of the head of Charles I, by Dobson, seems to be a study for a larger picture of the same head, which hangs over it, and is admirably drawn and beautifully coloured. A most capital picture of Niobe, and a smaller

landscape by Wilson ; a very good landscape, the inside of a wood, by sir George Beaumont. Two pictures in a very fine taste by Westall.—Turner's picture, so much noticed and admired when in the exhibition, of Dutch boats in a stormy sea. In the adjoining room is a large picture by Vandevelde, on a similar subject.

By the most celebrated masters of the different schools there are numberless admirable pictures, which we have not now room to enumerate. Many, by Salvator, &c., &c., &c.

A very fine collection of pictures, lately imported from Rome by Mr. Wilson, who went there with the intention of purchasing them, are on private view in Sackville-street, Piccadilly. Among them, are two very capital, by Claude : that with the bridge is one of the happiest efforts of his pencil. A man in armour, and several other admirable pictures by Vandyke. One in a most superior style by Rubens ; in which that great painter has been more than usually attentive to the drawing. A St. Cecilia by Michael Angelo Caravaggio ; a Parmegiano : several of shipping, by Vandevelde ; and many by Ruysdale, Wynants, &c., &c., &c.

Preparations are at length making for the erection of Downing College at Cambridge, in England, on the ground which lies opposite to the front of Emanuel, and on the left of the street which leads from that college to Pembroke. The architect is Mr. Wilkins, whose knowledge of Grecian models gives reason to hope that the edifice will be worthy of the university which it is intended to adorn. The establishment is to consist of a master, a professor of the laws of England, a professor of medicine, sixteen fellows, and six scholars. Two of the fellows are to be in holy orders, and the rest, after the usual standing, are to become barristers of law, or doctors of physic. The master, the two professors, and three of the fellows, have been named in the charter ; and are

Dr. Francis Annesley, master ; sir Busick Harwood, professor of medicine ; Mr. Christian, professor of law ; and Messrs. Lens, Frere, and Meek, fellows. It is understood that medicine is the branch of science which will be chiefly cultivated in this institution ; and that an endeavour will be made by means of it to rescue our English universities from the opprobrium under which they have laboured, owing to neglect of of this most useful of human arts.

The late statute at Oxford, for public examinations previously to the obtaining of degrees, has been attended with the happiest effects on the application of the students.—It has rescued that university from the charges of Gibbon and others ; and close study is now as essential to the attainment of honours at Oxford as at any university in Europe. A new statute is expected, by which every student will be obliged to undergo two public examinations, one in the classics, and one in the sciences, at the interval of two years between each, before he can obtain a bachelor's degree ; and, by the same statute, the present examination for a master's degree is to be discontinued.

Sir George Staunton, having translated into the Chinese language a Treatise on the Vaccine Inoculation (the first English work that ever was published in China), a general inoculation for the cow-pox has taken place in the populous city of Canton. So far have this jealous people got the better of their prejudices in this instance, that a very large subscription was raised for establishing an institution in the city of Canton, by means of which the inoculation is to be spread into the neighbouring country, and the matter disseminated into every province of the empire.

The papers of the late illustrious lord Macartney have been confided to Mr. Barrow, by his lordship's executors ; and they will soon be given to the public, accompanied by full and accurate memoirs of his lordship's long and active life.

Dr. Vincent has in the press a new edition of the *Nearchus*.

The unwieldy extent of *the poets at large* has determined the well known Mr. Pratt to make a selection of the best pieces contained in the entire series of poets, which he intends to print in six or seven elegant small volumes. The pieces from each poet will be introduced by a short biographical notice, and generally accompanied by a finely engraved portrait. The entire work will be prefaced by a critical and historical essay on the characteristics and progress of English poetry, from Chaucer to Cowper.

Mr. Johnes proposes to publish a supplementary volume to his quarto edition of Froissart's *Chronicles*; containing memoirs of the life of the author; the various readings produced for the projected new Louvre edition; an account of the celebrated manuscripts of the chronicles at Breslaw, with its various readings and additions, and an account of the death of Richard II, of England, extracted from a manuscript in the national library at Paris.

Mr. Mitford has in the press an enlarged edition of his *History of Greece*, to which will be now added a new volume.

Mr. Murray, lecturer in chemistry, &c., at Edinburgh, has in the press a system of chemistry, which will be published early in the next winter.

A new edition of Dr. Mackay's treatise on the sliding rule, the ship carpenter's rule, gauging rule, and rod, &c., with considerable additions and improvements, is in the press.

Mr. Robert Hamilton, teacher of elocution in the colleges of Aberdeen, is about to publish *Elements of Elocution*, intended for the improvement of youth in the pronunciation and delivery of the English language.

The reverend John Wool's *Memoirs of the late reverend Dr. Joseph Warton*, are expected to appear soon.

Dr. Pinel's *Treatise of Insanity*, translated, and accompanied with notes, by Dr. Davis, is nearly ready for publication.

Dr. Douglas, bishop of Salisbury, is reprinting with corrections, the *Criterion*; or, *Miracles Examined*, a work that has long since been out of print, and which has been said to be one of the ablest defences of revealed religion ever published.

New editions, in octavo, of Roscoe's *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*, and *Leo the tenth*, forming in the whole eight uniform volumes, will be shortly published.

A society has lately been established in London for the improvement of horticulture. The report of the committee, drawn up by T. A. Knight, Esq., is published and circulated: in this they say, "that they have long been convinced as individuals, and their aggregate observations have tended to increase their conviction, that there scarcely exists a single species of esculent plant or fruit, which (relative to the use of man) has yet attained its utmost state of perfection; nor any branch of practical horticulture which is not still perceptible of essential improvement; and, under these impressions, they hope to receive the support and assistance of those who are interested in, and capable of promoting the success of their endeavours."

Dr. Kidd has given an analysis of a new mineral found in one of the Gwennap mines in Cornwall, and forming an incrustation round projecting particles of spongy pyrites intermixed with quartz. Its colour varied from a light ash to a dark brown; fracture like that of flint, presenting sections of concentric layers; texture close and polished like that of a nut, and of a silky lustre. It is soluble in the nitric and muriatic acids with effervescence, violently decomposing the former, and giving out sulphurated hydrogen gas in abundance with the latter; and in both instances depositing a considerable proportion of sulphur. From

an accurate series of experiments and analysis, this mineral appears to consist of about thirty-three parts of sulphur, and sixty-six of oxyd of zinc, with a very minute proportion of iron.

Mr. Edward Troughton has constructed a new telescope for determining the magnetical meridian. It consists of a tube of steel, containing a set of lenses with cross wires or spiders' webs, in the usual manner. It will be easily understood that an instrument of this kind, after receiving the magnetic power, may traverse upon pivots, or by any other similar mode of suspension, and will dispose itself in the magnetic meridian. One of the difficulties attending the magnetic bar of the usual form is, that its line of direction may not be parallel to its side; and it is not easy to determine the quantity of error by reversing it, because this last operation is in most cases impracticable. Mr. Troughton's magnetic telescope may be turned round in its support like that of a levelling instrument, and it will determine the magnetic meridian, whenever any one and the same distant object is seen upon the centre of the cross wires, after the telescope has been turned round on its axis, as in its former state.

There was lately presented to admiral Duckworth, a superb gold sword of five hundred guineas value, by the house of assembly at Jamaica, for his eminent services in protecting that island in 1804. This sword is the most valuable, without having jewels, of any ever made in Great Britain.

The government of China would not permit the learned men and artists attached to the Russian embassy to proceed into the interior of that country. One of them, the counsellor of state, Shubat, intends returning by way of northern Siberia, for the purpose of collecting, in a country so little known to Europeans, every thing worthy of observation.

A complete skeleton of an elephant has been lately discovered at

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Sbinchow, in the Russian government of Casan. This is a phenomenon which confirms the conjectures of M. Buffon.

A judgment may be formed of the zeal for the sciences in the Russian province of Kiow, from the circumstance that in three days the sum of 500,000 rubles was subscribed for the support of the college established in that city.

Prince Besborodko has given a fund of 210,000 rubles, and an annual revenue of 15,000 rubles, to the college which he has established at Naschin in the Ukraine.

Dr. Fuchs, author of several esteemed works on natural history, has been appointed professor and director of the botanic garden belonging to the university of Casan.

In a periodical work published at Petersburg, there is a very interesting article on the progress of learning and civilization in Russia, from the most remote antiquity to the time of Peter the great. What will particularly attract the attention, is the hope held out of recovering some of the works of the ancients supposed to be irretrievably lost. It appears that Jarislaus I, son of Waladian the great, invited to his court a great number of learned Greeks, and employed them in translating into the Slavonic language Greek works, the original of which were deposited in the church of St. Sophia. Constantine was so great a lover of the sciences, that he collected more than 1000 Greek manuscripts, several of which he caused to be translated and distributed to the schools in his dominions. Alexis Michaelowitz, wishing to compare the Slavonic versions of the books used in the churches with the originals, caused to be purchased in Greece, and particularly at Mont Athos, about 500 manuscripts, which are still preserved in the library of the synod at Moscow. Even allowing that the last mentioned collection consists of copies of the holy scriptures and of the fathers, yet it may reasonably be conjectured that this was not the case with respect to the

1000 manuscripts collected by Constantine ; and it may be asked what has become of those presented by him to the schools, and whether the still more numerous collection of Jarislaus I has not remained at the church of St. Sophia. It is to be hoped that all the convents of Russia will be called upon to furnish a catalogue of their libraries, by which means we may flatter ourselves to bring to light some precious remains of ancient Greek literature.

The following is the method of preparing Turkey leather in the Crimea : the skins are first steeped twenty-four hours in cold water. The fleshy parts and fat are then scraped off. They are macerated ten days in lime water, after which the hair is removed ; they are then soaked for a fortnight in clean water, frequently renewed, and kneaded by treading. The last water is impregnated with dog's dung, to complete the separation of the hair ; they are scraped, and then considered as clean. The skins are then soaked four days in an infusion of bran ; afterwards in a luke-warm decoction of honey ; passed through the press, and finally steep four days in salt water, when they are ready for dying. The *artemisia annua* (mugwort), in decoction, is the base of all the colours which are given to the Turkey leather in the Tauride, at Astracan, and in the towns which formerly belonged to Turkey. To dye red, cochineal in powder is mixed with the decoction of mugwort, and alum is added. After the skins have been steeped in this dye, they are kneaded in a hot infusion of oak leaves ; when they have become supple and mellow, they are passed through cold water ; they are then rubbed with olive oil, and calendered with wooden cylinders.

The ruins of two great cities have been discovered in the Russian empire, of which there are no accounts in history : one of them is in the isle of Taman, in the Black Sea ; the other in a district in Siberia.

Liberal contributions have been received from several of the princi-

pal nobility of Poland, towards defraying the expences of printing the Polish-Slavonic Dictionary compiled by Linde, director of the Lyceum at Warsaw.

Klaproth has read to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin a short dissertation, containing the results of his analysis of a new fossil, called datholith, lately discovered by M. Esmark in Norway.

Huth, a Prussian astronomer, residing at Francfort on the Oder, has lately discovered new spots on the sun, forming a groupe which, according to him, occupy in length a fifteenth, and in breadth a nineteenth part of its diameter. These spots assume different forms, and in the space of two or three hours undergo visible changes.

Tham, of Skara, in Sweden, is occupied on the Runic character found on one of the famous lions of Venice, which was not removed to Paris.—Mr. T. is extremely well versed in this branch of northern literature, and has already succeeded in decyphering a considerable part of them.

The Danish government is now building in Iceland a regular town, which is to be called Reykuvig : it is situated on the sea-shore, and is to have a free port. A Latin grammar school has already been established there.

Nisfelsen, the celebrated Danish mechanic, inventor of the musical instrument called melodica, has lately contrived a machine, with which the largest trees may be pulled out of the ground, notwithstanding the strength of the roots.

From the researches of professor Munter, of Copenhagen, it appears that almost all the inscriptions found in the islands of Malta and Gozo, and supposed to be Phœnician by Torremuzza, who published them in his *Inscriptiones Siculæ*, are Egyptian. Having compared them with the inscriptions which are acknowledged by all antiquaries to be Egyptian, and with the Papyri published in Denon's Travels, the professor found a great conformity between all these different monuments. He pur-

poses to publish his researches, from which we may expect new and curious results relative to the history of these countries. This work will be accompanied with comparative tables of the characters.

Munter has also discovered a weaving instrument engraved on the coins of those islands; where, as appears from Diodorus, the Carthaginians had considerable factories; and is of opinion, that a figure on some coins of Cossura, which has been taken for a column, or candelabra, is nothing else but the *Kanon* of the ancients.

Professor Muller, of Copenhagen, has been presented with the large medal of the Danish Academy, for his memoir on the two large antique golden horns, which some time ago was stolen from the king of Denmark's cabinet, and melted down by the robbers. He considers them to have been of Celtiberian origin, as the characters engraved on them perfectly resembled those found on Celtiberian medals.

The king of Denmark's cabinet of medals has lately been enriched by the acquisition of the fine collection of don Alestio Motta (baron Recupero), at Rome, which consists of about 1600 Greek medals in bronze, for the most part of Sicily and Magna Græcia.

Professor Fiorillo, author of a History of Painting, printed at Gottingen, has lately published an interesting little work, intitled, "Essay towards a History of the Arts of Design, &c., in Russia." The first part contains curious facts, taken from some very rare works, a collection of which is only to be found in the library belonging to the university of Gottingen, on the ancient connection between the Russian and eastern empires; and on the first essays of art in the former of these countries, which was indebted to the latter for the knowledge of them.—He has, for instance, given a comparative view of the magnificence of the empress Irene, and the splendour of the Muscovite court at the same time. The second part is dis-

tinguished by a complete history of the Academy of Arts at Petersburg, from the time of the empress Elizabeth, who founded it, to that of the present emperor, who has enacted new regulations for it. Fiorillo likewise makes us acquainted with the most valuable collection of the works of art, ancient and modern, which the sovereigns and grandees of that empire had at a great expence obtained from Italy, France, and even from England. Among these are many of the master pieces, which formerly commanded the admiration of connoisseurs in the gallery of the Palais Royal at Paris, and in the villas Negroni and Mattei at Rome.

Diez, at Emmerich on the Rhine, has invented a new musical instrument, which produces the sounds of the clarionet, hautbois, and bassoon, in the softest piano, or the most brilliant forte movements.

The Chirurgical Society of Amsterdam has awarded the gold medal to Dr. Creve, author of the best treatise on the treatment and cure of ruptures; a subject for which they had offered a prize. Dr. Creve also obtained, in 1798, the prize offered by the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, for the best dissertation on the nature of galvanism; and, in 1799, the prize proposed by the Medical Society at Paris, for his treatise on the reciprocal influence of the various organs of the human body.

The colleges for the education of Irish, English, and Scots catholics, in Paris, have, by a decree of the emperor, been united into one establishment; and a course of lectures on philosophy are now delivered there in the Latin language.

Millin, a member of the French Institute, relates the following particulars concerning the mineral named, by Mr. Harchel, Columbium.—It was found in a spring in America. The spring is in the town of New London, in the state of Connecticut, at the distance of about three miles from the sea up the harbour.

Vauquelin has, in the course of a great number of experiments, disco-

vered that a most beautiful green colour for painting may be obtained from the oxyd of chromium, "which," he says, "by mere admixture with white lead, gives a variety of permanent colours: it seems, however, preferable to employ an earth as a body for it, as by that means the colours of the metallic oxyds acquire more brilliancy and solidity." Besides this, the application of this green chromium pigment for painting in oil and water colours, it might, if mixed with proper fusible materials, be very well adapted for painting on porcelain, without any alteration of its tints being to be apprehended from the action of the most intense heat; also for enamels, painting on glass, and fluxes, and for all kinds of pottery in general.

At Lisle, on the 7th of April, M. Mosment ascended in an air balloon, with every prospect of a prosperous voyage. At a certain height he let down a parachute, to which an animal was attached, and the experiment succeeded admirably. Shortly after the balloon ascended completely out of sight, and the flag which the aeronaut carried up with him was found on the ground, and in one of the fosses M. Mosment was discovered, in the most dreadfully mangled state. On the 9th the balloon had not been heard of, and, of course, the cause of the accident cannot be conjectured.

Dr. Menuret, of Paris, has lately analyzed the several waters in that neighbourhood; and he finds that of the Seine contains 5 29-33 grains of foreign matter in each pint; that of the river Yvette yields 7 11-13 grains; that of the Arceuil, 7 7-18; that of Ville d'Avray, 9 28-49. Bristol water is said to contain 14 13-49 grains in the same quantity.

Among the manuscripts, dug out from the ruins of Herculaneum, a fragment of a Latin poem in hexameters has been discovered, containing from 60 to 70 verses. They re-

late to the battle of Actium, and, as it would seem, the death of Cleopatra. The manuscript is written in the large letters called *uncial*, and all the words are separated by points. It is hoped that this will prove to be the poem of Varius, the friend of Horace and of Virgil, and that the whole of that work will be recovered. The following is one of the verses:

Consiliis nox apta ducum, lux aptior
armis.

A new edition of Tiraboschi's History of Italian Literature is announced at Florence. A supplement will be added, bringing the history down to the present times. The editors are in possession of the manuscripts left by Tiraboschi, and other fortunate circumstances authorise them to attempt this difficult enterprise.

Marini has lately published his famous work on the Papyri of Vatican; it is printed in folio, and sold for eight piastres.

In January last, mademoiselle Clotilda Tambroni, of Bologna, professor of the Greek language and literature, opened the session of the university in that city with an oration full of fire and eloquence. Those who heard her thought themselves transported to the golden age of Leo X, when Victoria Colonna and Veronica Hambara were the rivals of the Bembo and Ariostos!

The pope is erecting a new museum in the palace of Belvidere, for the reception of antiques which have been lately purchased by him.

A literary society has been formed at Manilla, under the auspices of the government. They call themselves "the Friends of Luconia," and intend publishing a journal on the natural history, agriculture, manufactures, and political economy of the Philippine Isles.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

VERS

Adressés à Madame Moreau, à son arrivée aux Etats Unis d'Amérique.

LE grand Ordonnateur du monde,
 qui meut toute chose à souhait,
 vient d'exiler, par un arrêt,
 la charmante fille de l'onde.
 Paphos, naguère aimé des dieux,
 soupire sous de nouveaux Scythes.
 Echo, jadis silencieux,
 à la reine rend ses adieux,
 et fixe, en de triste limites,
 l'isle qui commandait aux cieux.
 Mais, n'en concerons pas d'allarmes !
 les dieux de la mer et des vents
 ont enchaîné les éléments,
 heureux de suspendre les larmes
 de la maîtresse des humains.
 Mercure et le dieu des jardins,
 de Venus guidés par l'étoile,
 dès que la nuit reprend son voile,
 et bien loin des hauts monts Calpés
 qui d'Abyla furent coupés
 par le tout-puissant fils d'Alcmène,
 Mercure et le fils de Cypris
 ont préparé, pour votre reine,
 un lieu qu'animeront les ris,
 les plaisirs et surtout son fils.
 Hâtons-nous pour les sacrifices !
 J'entends les fidèles tritons
 vers ces lieux diriger leurs sons.
 Oui ! Oui ! les cieux nous sont propices.
 Mortels, chantons un si beau jour !
 Saluons Venus et les grâces !
 Saluons Mars qui suit leurs traces !
 Salut, ô Mars ! Venus ! Amour !

For the Literary Magazine.

LINES,

Written by a Lady,

On reading a manuscript journal, written by the celebrated little prodigy,
 J. H. Payne.

SWEET face, where frolic fancies rove,
 Where all Youth's glowing graces reign,

Who art thou ? Genius, Pleasure, Love ?
 The smiling vision answer'd, Pain.

I thought *Pain* was a spectre dire,
 Was Genius' Love's, or Pleasure's bane :
 Thy cheek is health, thy eye is fire ;
 No, beauteous youth, thou art not *Pain*.

Ah ! gentle maid, if e'er thy breast
 Knew transient Joy, Love's galling chain,
 One ray of genius hadst possess'd,
 Thou wouldst have known they all
 were *pain*.

s.

For the Literary Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, AN ELEGY.

Written during the prevalence of the Yellow Fever, in 1797.

IMPERIAL daughter of the west,
 Why thus in widow'd weeds recline ?
 With every gift of nature blest,
 The empire of a world was thine.

Late brighter than the star that beams
 When the soft morning carol flows ;
 Now mournful as the maniac's dreams,
 When melancholy veils his woes.

What foe, with more than Gallic ire,
 Has thinn'd thy city's thronging way,
 Bade the sweet breath of youth expire,
 And manhood's powerful pulse decay ?

No Gallic foe's ferocious band,
 Fearful as fate, as death severe,
 But the destroying angel's hand,
 With hotter rage, with fiercer fear.

I saw thee in thy prime of days,
 In glory rich, in beauty fair,
 When many a patriot shar'd thy praise,
 And nurs'd thee with maternal care.

Columbia's genius, veil thy brow,
 Guardian of freedom, hither bend :
 The prayer of mercy meets thee now,
 With healing energy descend,

Chase far the fiend whose burning tread
Consumes the fairest flower that
blows ;

Bends the sweet lilly's bashful head,
And fades the blushes of the rose.

E'en now ill-omened birds of prey
Through the unpeopled mansions
rove ;

Quench'd is that eye's inspiring ray,
And lost the breezy lip of love

Yet guard the FRIEND, who wandering
near

Haunts which the loitering Schuylkill
laves,

Bestows the tributary tear,
Or fans with sighs the drowzy
waves.

And while his mercy-dealing hand
Feeds many a famished child of care,
Wave round his brow thy saving wand,
And breathe thy sweetness through
the air ;

'Till, borne on Health's elastic wing,
Aloft the rapid whirlwind flies ;
The coldest gale of Zembla bring,
And brace with frost the dripping
skies.

Yet bid the naiads bring their urns,
Haste, and the marble fount uncloze,
Through streets where Syrian summer
burns,

'Till all the cool libation flows

Cool as the brook that bathes the heath
When noon unfolds his silent hours,
Refreshing as the morning's breath
Adown the cleansing streamlet pours.

Imperial daughter of the west,
No rival win thy wreath away ;
In all the wealth of nature drest,
Again thy sovereign charms display ;

See all thy setting glories rise,
Again thy thronging streets appear ;
Thy mart a hundred ports supplies,
Thy harvests feed thy circling year.

For the Literary Magazine.

STANZAS

On the Death of a Young Lady.

'TIS finish'd, the sad toil is o'er,
Sickness and sorrow wound no more,
Nor pining cares molest ;
From all which wrung the bitter tear,
Which mark'd the path of suffering here,
The happy soul has rest.

Though strew'd with tears the path she
trod,

With faith and hope her bosom glow'd,
And panted for the skies ;

Now burst from all the bonds of clay,
Triumphant glories gild the way
Where the pure spirit flies.

O, form'd to show the thoughtless fair
How far above each trifling care
Th' immortal mind should soar !
To teach them while bright fortune's
day,

And youth and beauty gild the way,
The soul should rise to more.

'Twas her's, with manners mild, refin'd,
Superior sense and sweetness join'd,
To win Affection's smile ;
To lure to blest Religion's sway,
And, by her pure celestial ray,
Adversity beguile.

Ah ! why subdued the exalted mind,
The sphere of usefulness confin'd,
And crush'd its noblest aim ?
To know why thus thy sacred will,
O thou ! who rul'st in wisdom still,
We drop our baffled claim.

O, long belov'd ! in friendship dear,
While Sorrow sheds the tender tear,
And breathes the parting sigh,
May faith the ardent hope still give,
Like thee, fair excellence ! to live,
Like thee in peace to die !

Philadelphia.